Sports Illustrated
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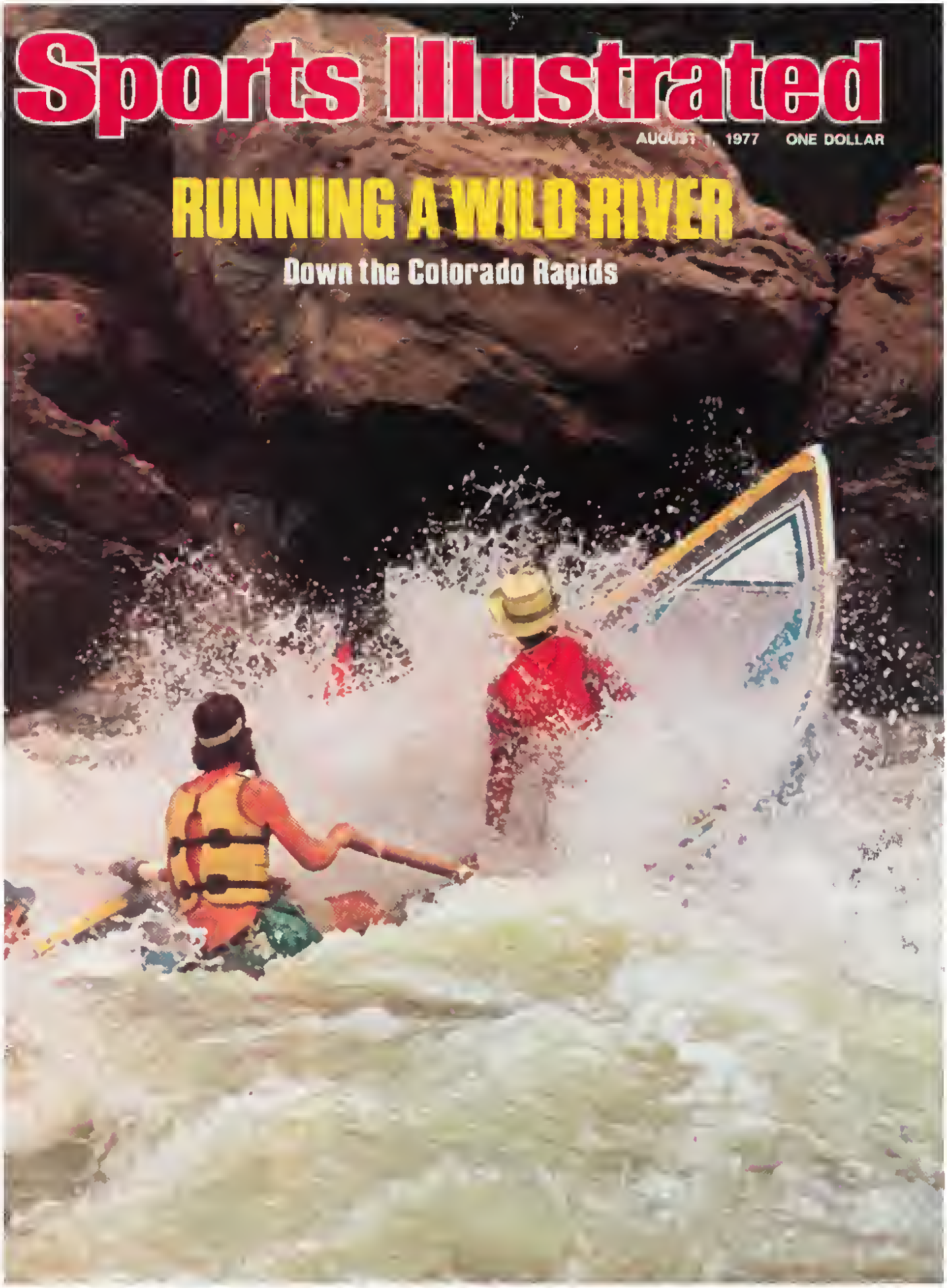

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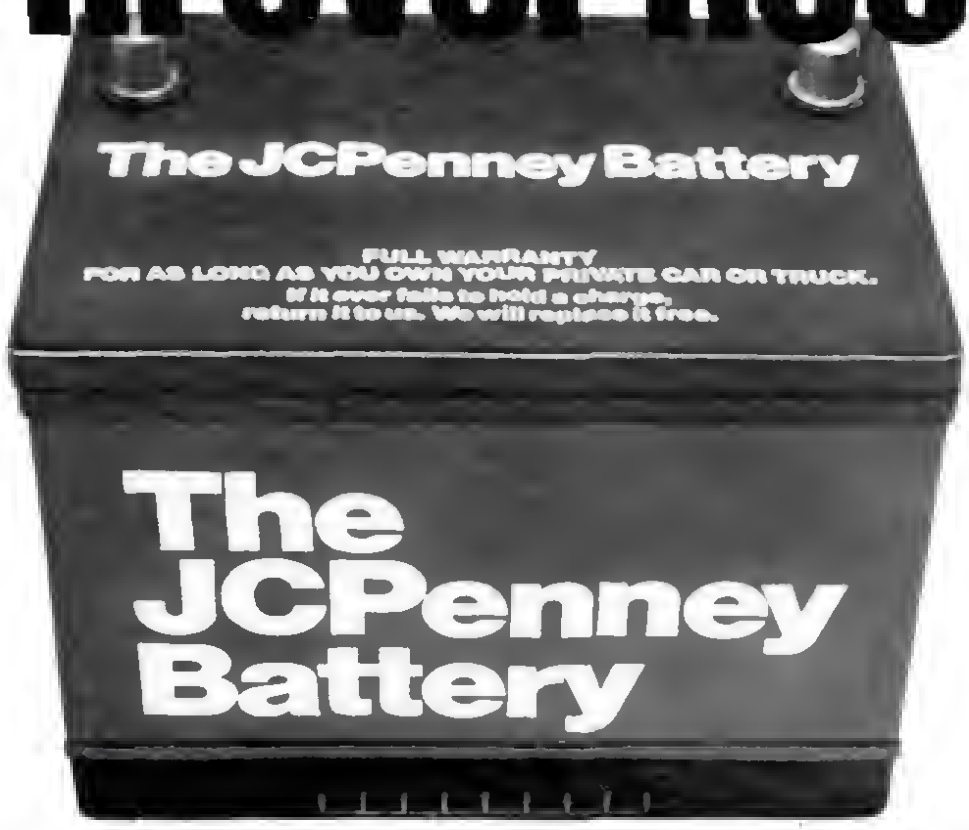

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Next Week

THE BIRDS OF BALTIMORE were supposed to fly low, very low, this season but fiery Manager Earl Weaver now has the patchwork Orioles battling the rich Red Sox and the richer Yankees for first place. Larry Keith pays a visit to the aviary

FOR HIS NEXT ACT durable middleweight champion Carlos Monzon plans to become a movie star, but first he must risk his profile and title against challenger Rodrigo Valdes in a rematch in Monte Carlo. Pat Putnam reports from ringside

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

FISHERMAN JONES HOOKED A CUBAN FLAG

In 1953, when Senior Writer Robert F. Jones was 19, he wrote a letter to Ernest Hemingway. He had read the author's books to tatters and was already an old and devoted hand with rod and gun. The time seemed right for a pilgrimage to Cuba. As Jones recalls, "I wanted to pop in and say hello."

His request to that effect went unanswered, and a lot of years passed, but this May poetic justice was finally served. Jones was in Havana to cover the 15th Annual Ernest Hemingway Billfish Tournament (*page 54*) and did pop in to Hemingway's home.

The *finca* is now a Cuban museum, where, as Jones writes, "The master is still present. His ghost stares down through the glass eyes of the trophies, radiates from the worn spines of the books . . ." He says it seemed to him that Hemingway had just walked out and probably was down at the local bar having a frozen daiquiri.

His visit to the Museo Hemingway was clearly the high point of Jones' trip. Otherwise, he caught only a few small barracuda and a Cuban flag (*page 61*). Though the local beer and fish were fine, and the Cuban women beautiful, the bread tasted like "shaved Castrovian beards," and of Havana he says, "It doesn't smell so good." Also, getting there was no part of the fun.

Jones and Photographer Tony Triolo stewed for two days at the Cuban Embassy in Montreal before receiving their visas. They might still be waiting there were it not for John Blashill, a former TIME bureau chief in Montreal and one-time bullfight critic in Madrid. Jones says, "Cuban Spanish is not like Mexican. It is slangy and tough and includes a lot of winks and shrugs. The moment John began to speak it they got cracking."

At Havana's Jose Marti Airport, Jones and Triolo ran into another SI contingent, Senior Writer Ron Fimrite, Reporter Angel Reyes and Photographer Lane Stewart, on their way back from a story assignment on Cuban baseball (SI, June 6). Reyes took Jones aside and said, "Don't worry. They treat gringo journalists with kid gloves." Once they arrive, that is. It had taken Reyes two weeks of phoning Havana from New York to make his group's initial contact with the National Institute of Sport.

Jones and Triolo, as it turned out, had an additional tangle with red tape on their way back. The day before they were scheduled to leave Havana, a jet arrived with Barbara Walters aboard, and they wanted to return on it, immediately. There was a blackout in Miami, and flights for the next few days were in doubt. But the departure time on their visas was 22 hours later. Their Cuban guide said, "It's impossible," and it was impossible.

Shrugging off the inconveniences, Jones in his story chose "to zero in on the basic warmth and good humor of the Cuban people." And, after all, he did get home to Katonah, N.Y., where last week he stood in his African trophy room, under the eyes of his own mounted antelope and Cape buffalo, and spoke of the hours at the Hemingway house. Then he observed of his occasionally difficult week in Cuba, "I would go back." That, as they say, is the bottom line.

Jack Mayer

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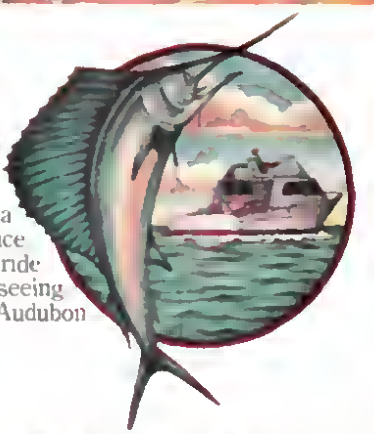

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TRYING TO ICE THE OLYMPICS

With 2½ years to go until the Lake Placid Winter Olympics, there is talk—again—about how to avoid a financial disaster. Montreal started off with a $310 million project and a plan for intimate Games for the athletes. By the time all the bills had come in, the Olympics had mushroomed into a $1.4 billion extravaganza. Lake Placid, a town of 2,800 in upstate New York, claims to have learned from the Montreal experience.

For starters, the wary Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee already has signed a no-strike agreement with the unions involved. This is to avoid the kind of labor disputes that wrecked Montreal's construction budget and caused delays that threatened to force cancellation of the Olympics. Then, Lake Placid invited bids from construction companies and made them public. The lowest bids got the nod.

Now for the revenue. Since the Olympic Village will later be used as a minimum-security prison, the entire $22 million project, including transformation costs, will be paid by the U.S. Department of Justice. Lake Placid also has received a $49 million federal grant for other building costs. And a $13 million grant from New York State will be used for the improvement of the facilities on state-owned land, including the bobsled and luge run, the cross-country and biathlon courses and the downhill runs on White Face Mountain.

Lake Placid already has nailed down ABC television for $15.5 million and is negotiating with the European Broadcasting Union, the European TV network. Placid is asking $10 million from Europe; EBU says it will pay about $1 million. "We are willing to go down, but they will have to raise their offer," says Ed Lewi, spokesman for the organizing committee. "What we don't want is to get stuck with a $20 million loss [involving television rights] like Montreal."

The last Winter Games, at Innsbruck in 1976, cost $400 million. "The Lake Placid Organizing Committee is hoping to bring the whole thing in for under $100 million," says Lewi. "Our theme is, 'The Olympics in perspective.'" That sounds familiar.

WITH MIRRORS

The state of Maine is seeking to help its deer population, and in typical governmental style, the bureaucrats will attempt to do it with mirrors.

The problem is that the deer persist in crossing highways without looking. In 1975, the last year for which complete figures are available, 1,400 deer were killed by vehicles on Maine's highways. The state has decided to install 2,000 five-inch-square mirrors of polished metal at 66-foot intervals along a section of Interstate 95. Then, theoretically, the headlights of vehicles reflecting in the mirrors will distract and confuse the deer, causing them to pause long enough to allow cars and trucks to pass before continuing their potentially deadly journey.

Parts of the 18-mile stretch of expressway will have the mirrors, parts won't. State officials say they'll study the results to see if the mirrors make any difference. Cost for the first year is estimated at $30,000. Maintenance and monitoring for additional years is estimated at $11,000 to $15,000 per.

Deer are notoriously bad readers, witness the futility of the DEER CROSSING signs, which seldom seem to be where deer cross. It remains to be seen if deer show any more interest in looking at bright lights in mirrors. Meanwhile, deer that decide to go jaybounding in daylight remain strictly on their own.

GETTING THINGS IN PERSPECTIVE

Five former University of Southern California running backs gathered the other day on campus for a photo session. It was a starry group. Clarence Davis, a hero of Oakland's Super Bowl win over Minnesota. O. J. Simpson, NFL single-season rushing leader; Ricky Bell, first draft choice of Tampa Bay. Anthony Davis, all-time career rushing leader at USC, and Sam Cunningham, last season's top rusher for New England.

O.J. had his big dog with him and Cunningham took to making enormous fun of the beast. O.J. countered by criticizing Sam's little dog—11 inches tall and four pounds. "Why don't you get a bigger dog?" laughed Simpson. Sniffed the 6′ 3″, 224-pound Cunningham, "I don't *need* a bigger dog."

QUADRUPLING THE FUN?

David R. Foster, chairman of the board of the Colgate-Palmolive Co., thinks that the men's pro golf tour events are becoming boring because of their sameness. He includes in this criticism the one his company will sponsor in late August, the Colgate-Hall of Fame Golf Classic at Pinehurst, N.C.

For this tournament, Foster had wanted to make it match play instead of the conventional stroke play. Phooey, said PGA Commissioner Dean Beman.

Undaunted, Foster says he'll spring another idea on Beman at Pinehurst—for next year. Foster wants four tournaments to be run concurrently—men pros, women pros (total prize money: $350,000), men amateurs, women amateurs. And he wants the playing groups to be mixed, so that Jack Nicklaus and Judy Rankin and an unknown amateur or two might play the final round together, although not competing against one another. "Golf," says Foster, "desperately needs something new."

Whether golf will agree that this is the something new it needs is questionable. Even Foster thinks the chances his idea

continued

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will be accepted are only 50–50. He says: "Men pros don't like to play with women, especially women amateurs. But I think that if you're a pro, you would welcome the chance to prove yourself, not only over all types of courses but in all kinds of circumstances."

SOUP'S OFF

Before a recent Yankee-Oriole game, New York Mayor Abe Beame bet five gallons of Manhattan clam chowder on his team, while Baltimore Mayor William Donald Schaefer wagered the same amount of Maryland crab soup on the Orioles.

The Birds won and Schaefer set about lauding crab soup (Babe Ruth "used to soak his bat in it," he said, and H. L. Mencken drank it before writing epigrams) and making fun of the Manhattan chowder ("It has never been known to inspire even a chemist, but I realize it's the best they've got").

Beame not only failed to show up for the game—he had said he would—but he has not yet defended the honor of Manhattan chowder nor has he paid off his losing wager. A Schaefer aide poohpoohed Beame's excuse for his tardiness: "It was something about how busy he had been because of an electrical blackout in New York City. A likely story."

BLOCKED DUT

"Coach Bryant always told us that education came first," said Alabama football player Tommy Parkerson. Indeed, that phrase was being repeated often after Bear Bryant was forced the other day to ax nine players from his team, including Parkerson, in order to get down to the new NCAA limit of 95 scholarship athletes.

Bryant called the decision the hardest in his 32-year coaching career. But to Alabama's credit, the university did offer academic scholarships to the players who received pink slips—providing they were deemed qualified.

Said Bryant in a form letter to the Nixed Nine: "I sincerely hope that your experience as a University of Alabama football player will in some small way be helpful throughout your life." Certainly the athletes learned life can be a jungle and that promises cannot always be kept. But Parkerson, who accepted an academic scholarship, was philosophical: "I am not going to let this ruin my life. I can live without football."

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

Shreveport's Baptist Christian College opened in 1960. By 1974 it considered itself ready to play college football. After its first six games Baptist Christian had been edged by a cumulative score of 334–0. Then it went on to fashion a 0–9 season mark, drawing crowds of under 500 in a 50,000-seat stadium. Football was promptly booted out.

This year Baptist will try again. The new coach is candid and excited Billy Fowler, who says, "I really put my foot in my mouth. I told the school, 'If you let me pursue my plan, I can build a program for you.' I didn't think they'd say put up or shut up."

His recruiting budget, he says, was six tanks of gas. The entire season is budgeted at $50,000. Says Fowler: "The kids think they will be 10–0. I think we could win five, but more likely three." Whatever, Fowler and everyone else at Baptist Christian hope that after this season, 1974 will not be looked back on as "the good old days."

ND CHARGE

Sportswriters have been known to get hungry, and their bosses have been known to complain about how much it costs to fill them up. C. B. Fletcher, 40, a reporter for the *Nashville Banner*, seems to have solved both problems with a masterful stroke that has made him the envy of his colleagues.

He is an occasional "food taster" for hundreds of restaurants under the corporate canopy of Shoney's Inc. These include Shoney's Big Boys and Captain D's, both far-flung fast-food operations. Actually, the company calls Fletcher a "secret shopper." Whenever Fletcher wants to, he goes into any of the restaurants, orders, eats and pays. Then, like the 250 other Shoney secret shoppers, he mails in an evaluation form on the food and service—along with a meal receipt, for which he is reimbursed.

He figures he spends between $10 and $20 a week at the various restaurants, often when he is out of town on a sports assignment, and he makes a lot of critical comments. "I'm afraid if I don't, they might take me off the list." It is true there might not be much future for a fired secret shopper.

Biggest foul-up at Shoney's is failure to keep the water glass filled. "I'd say they miss on that 95% of the time," says C.B. His worst experience? In Memphis he had to wait 20 minutes to even get a menu. Says a miffed Fletcher, "I nearly had a seizure."

BOOKENDS

For years, basketball fans were confused as to which of the Van Arsdale twins was Tom and which was Dick. Their blond heads bobbed up and down basketball courts for 18 years, most recently for the Phoenix Suns, and while their faces were amazingly similar, so were their talents.

Larry Connor of *The Indianapolis Star* tells just how similar, during their three years of high school basketball, Dick averaged 16 points, Tom 15.66, in three seasons at Indiana University, Tom averaged 17.38, Dick 17.22, and while Tom had 723 rebounds, Dick had 719; in the NBA (where both played 12 years), Dick averaged 16.4 points per game, Tom 15.3, each made the NBA All-Star team three times.

Their best season was 1970-71, when Tom averaged 22.9 points and Dick 21.9. Their worst was 1976-77, when Dick averaged 7.7 points and Tom 5.8—which is why they are now returning to desks that are side by side in a Phoenix real-estate office. Without having the rigors of travel, they will be able to spend more time with their families. Each has one son and one daughter.

THEY SAID IT

• Shug Jordan, former Auburn football coach, after a street was named for him: "I had visions of $100,000 homes and expensive condominiums lining the parkway. Then I read in the newspaper the other day that Auburn was taking bids. They're going to put a bull-testing laboratory there."

• Andrea Kirby, Baltimore television sportscaster, on why she feels females definitely have been an asset in her occupation: "We smell better than the other sportscasters."

• Willie Mays, paying tribute to Jackie Robinson, major league baseball's first black: "Every time I look at my pocketbook I see Jackie Robinson."

• Tony Oliva, Minnesota Twins coach, recalling a suggestion that he return to his native Cuba to manage: "All I know is if Castro says bunt, I bunt."

• Wade Phillips, Houston Oiler defense coach and son of Head Coach Bum Phillips, on what he will say if things go wrong: "I'll just plead heredity." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 1, 1977

A WALK ON THE SORDID SIDE

The trial of Raider George Atkinson's $2 million slander suit against Steeler Coach Chuck Noll turned into a lurid spitting match that did nothing to help the game of pro football

by William Oscar Johnson

Lynn Swann was on the witness stand when Judge Samuel Conti and the six jurors watched reruns of Atkinson's forearm blow that felled Swann—and prompted Noll's charge that Atkinson belonged to a "criminal element"

It was a spectacle so bizarre, so beyond the realm of common sense and ordinary imagination that it might have been the creation of some mad comic producer—a cross, say, between Mel Brooks and the Marquis de Sade. But there it was in the clean well-lighted environs of a U.S. district courtroom in San Francisco the National Football League, that most august and shining symbol of American morality, excellence and all-round exemplary life style, was on display with a full line of dirty laundry. The subject was mayhem, and judge and jury listened with fascination as all manner of lurid language was applied to the grand old game—"wanton violence," "gang warfare," "criminal acts," "happiness at pain," "love of blood."

It was not as if the bleak affair involved some of the more tawdry properties or anonymous personalities of the NFL. No, this conflict maligned none but the best: it pitted the gleaming black machine of the Oakland Raiders, Super Bowl champions of '77, against the ancient and venerable organization of the Pittsburgh Steelers, the champions of '75 and '76. The game's most luminous figures were dragged through the muck. The

continued

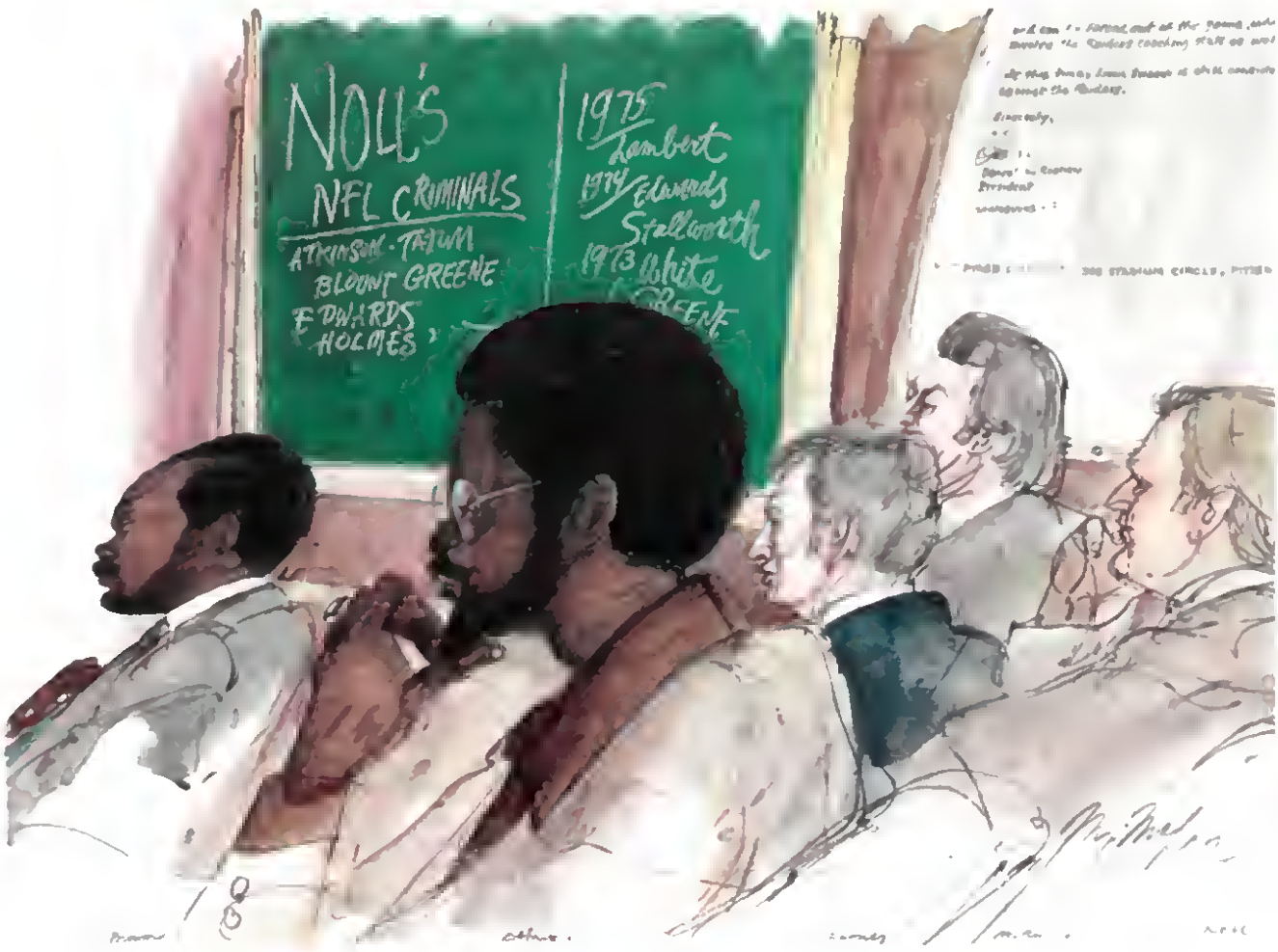
Rooney dynasty of time immemorial in Pittsburgh was there, and so was Al Davis, the maverick mastermind of the Raiders. The Steelers' remarkably successful coach, Chuck Noll, straight as an arrow, was there, and so was John Madden, the hulking but equally talented mentor of Oakland. Some of the game's most renowned performers came to lend their weight to the absurd affair—Terry Bradshaw, Franco Harris, Rocky Bleier, Lynn Swann, Ken Stabler, Jim Otto, among others. In the end, no one was spared. The commissioner himself, Alvin R. Rozelle, flew out from New York to take the stand, suave and tanned dark as an NFL game ball, to deny under oath that his game was fraught with criminal players and brutal plays.

How did this all come to pass? The genesis occurred late in the first half of the first game of the 1976 season, on the afternoon of Sept. 12, when the Raiders and Steelers met in Oakland. Lynn Swann, the splendid wide receiver of the Steelers, ran a pattern down the right side of the field, then cut to the middle. He was covered by George Atkinson, a tough but hitherto unheralded defensive back for the Raiders. As the play unwound, Terry Bradshaw was forced to scramble, eventually firing a pass to Franco Harris, who thundered downfield. As Harris caught the ball, some 15 yards away Atkinson rushed up behind the unsuspecting Swann and cracked him with a forearm at the base of the helmet. Swann dropped as if he were shot. He suffered a concussion and missed the next two games. No official saw Atkinson's blow, no penalty was levied.

What followed thereafter was a series of actions and reactions, some logical and routine, some fraught with foolishness and anger. The day after the game Noll rose before a luncheon press conference in Pittsburgh and spoke coldly of "a criminal element" in the NFL. He said that players like Atkinson should be "kicked out of the league." The game had been the first nationally televised contest of the season and had drawn a huge audience; the NFL office was swamped with calls and letters about Atkinson's hit.

A week later, after viewing films and NBC tapes of the play, Pete Rozelle fired off a letter to Atkinson: "In sixteen years in this office I do not recall a more flagrant foul than your clubbing the back of Swann's head totally away from the play. . . . Our sport obviously involves intense physical contact, but it requires of all players discipline and control and remaining within the rules. Every player deserves protection from the kind of unnecessary roughness that could end his career." Rozelle also levied a $1,500 fine on Atkinson.

Rozelle then wrote a "Dear John and



Chuck" letter to Madden and Noll: "A full review of the available films and television tapes of your Sept 12 game indicates that your 'intense rivalry' of recent years could be on the verge of erupting into something approaching pure violence. There is, of course, no place for that in professional football and you both know it . . . Aside from the specific incidents of flagrant action there are any number of plays in which the actions of many of your players can be questioned. No action was taken in these instances because reasonable doubt exists in my mind as to the intent and motivation of the individuals involved . . ."

Rozelle sent another letter to Noll concerning his remarks about the NFL's "criminal element." He pointed out that Noll had violated a constitutional bylaw of the league by publicly criticizing another team or player. The commissioner fined the coach $1,000. This letter drew an angry reply from Dan Rooney, president of the Steelers. He charged there had been "direct, premeditated, unemotional efforts by the Oakland Raiders to seriously injure Lynn Swann" and went on to say, "I believe it is a cowardly act to hit someone from behind with his back turned. I also believe, because of the number of Oakland Raider players making such attacks on Lynn, the Raiders must have an opinion that Lynn is vulnerable and can be forced out of the game, which makes such acts premeditated and involves the Raiders' coaching staff as well as the players." Rooney sent along a film clip to prove exactly how brutal the Raiders had been in their assaults on Swann.

Now, ordinarily all of this smoking correspondence would have vanished into the filing cabinets of the NFL office in Manhattan, and the world would never have been the wiser. However, Atkinson decided that Noll's use of the term "criminal element" was a slander against his good name. He filed suit against Noll and the Steelers for $2 million in damages. And that was how the embarrassed moguls of the NFL came to be sitting the last two weeks in Judge Samuel Conti's Courtroom No. 3 in the San Francisco federal building with some of their most private missives blown up in copies eight feet high.

A full and costly cast of six attorneys was there, three for each side. Leading the Steelers' defense was a lion-maned lawyer named James Martin MacInnis, one of northern California's premier defense attorneys; indeed, he had been the Hearst family's first choice to defend Patty after her arrest two years ago. MacInnis, an unctuous but clever orator, told the court in his opening statement when the trial began July 11, "One of the morals of this case is that, in real life, Mr. Atkinson may be a charming young man. You may safely invite him to your drawing room, to your home. But you may not with equal safety encounter him past the line of scrimmage on a football field, particularly if your name is Lynn Swann and your back is turned. . . . Professional football, as outlined this afternoon, may appear as a primitive game to those who do not follow it. It may appear as gang warfare conducted in uniform, and it may be a lure to all that is violent within any one of us. But there are rules, and without those rules in football the strong would devour the weak and professional football would destroy itself within a short period of time."

Leading Atkinson's legal team was the dapper and flamboyant Willie Brown, a well-known California legislator who has aspirations to run for the U.S. Senate. In his opening statement Brown declared that the Steelers were "the leading cheap-shot artists in pro football," that the Steelers were "simply trying their best to destroy Mr. Atkinson's career," that they were being aided and abetted in this mission by Pete Rozelle himself and that "the league office has deliberately lied on behalf of the Pittsburgh Steelers." Brown concluded ominously, "I think when we finally finish, the question of pro football—as we know it—continuing to be played may very well be in doubt."

Later, out of the courtroom, Brown spoke in even more sweeping terms: "This is opening pro football's Watergate," he said. "Pro football is on trial here. If the jury rules that Atkinson is not slandered by being called part of 'a criminal element' then the term 'criminal' has been judicially certified as a viable, proper, accurate definition of the game. After this, every time a player is injured in a play where there is an intentional foul, he could bring a criminal suit for assault. Hell, you could bring a class action suit against showing the 'criminal' violence of football on TV. Pro football could be X-rated. I did my best to convince the NFL to settle out of court, but they wouldn't pull out."

Indeed, the Steelers' insurance company had tried desperately to convince the club to settle with Atkinson for $50,000. The club refused. Dan Rooney, wan and grim throughout the trial, said, "We were never interested in making a settlement. The wrong people were being sued. If we settled, every player would be suing every time he was criticized. We felt we had to go to court to save the game."

If there were cosmic implications in the case, they were soon lost in a nasty spitting contest that seemed, at times, to be aimed mainly at proving in court whether the Steelers or the Raiders were the dirtiest team in football. Another element of the absurd in the affair was the fact that the jury—four women and two elderly men—were almost utterly ignorant of even the most elementary information about the game of football. Time and again the court was treated to painstaking and lengthy definitions of such arcane terms as "linebacker," "punt returner," "line of scrimmage" and "downs." The jury gasped as films of explicit and intentional violence were shown over and over and over again. Indeed, the trial came to be something of a media carnival. So many reruns of TV tapes and film were shown that one afternoon, as the courtroom lights were dimmed for perhaps the 10th showing of a football film clip, one attorney grumped, "I'm not gonna look at one more of those things unless it's got some majorettes in it."

In one of the more telling episodes of the trial, an excitable young attorney for Atkinson, Daniel S. Mason, confronted the cool and taciturn Noll, who had once spent three years as a law school student himself. As he began, young Mason wheeled a large green blackboard before the court and scrawled in chalk: NOLL'S NFL CRIMINALS. Beneath it he wrote George Atkinson's name. Then he began hammering away at Noll to admit that if there was a criminal element among the 1,200 players of the NFL, certainly Atkinson couldn't be the sole member of it. During some eight hours of tough and often sarcastic exchanges, punctuated with endless films of Steelers

continued

Most of Noll's "criminals" have been voted All-Pro. Brown (far left) charged that the Steelers were out to "destroy" the career of Atkinson (next to Brown), while MacInnis (beyond Rooney and Noll) dwelt on Atkinson's reputation.

committing acts of violence on the field, Mason finally led Noll to expand his "criminal" blackboard list until it included the Raiders' Jack Tatum—*and* Mel Blount, Mean Joe Greene, Ernie Holmes and Glen Edwards, all prominent members of Noll's own team. Subsequently, Blount filed suit for $5 million in damages as a result of being labeled a "criminal" and declared he would not play for Noll again.

When Defense Attorney MacInnis began to cross-examine Noll, he attempted to introduce a copy of Webster's dictionary so all of the various definitions of "criminal" could be included as evidence. Judge Conti whimsically ruled that the dictionary was hearsay and unless Noah Webster himself appeared to testify it was not allowable evidence. Ultimately, Noll explained that in his mind the term "criminal" had applied only to the rules of the NFL, not to penal law. "If I had meant that," he said, "I probably would have said 'thrown in jail' instead of 'kicked out of the league.' "

Atkinson insisted he had been irreparably damaged by the label. He said, "A cheap-shot artist or a dirty ballplayer—I mean, how many guys are not called that sometime in their career? But to be called an Assassin or the Enforcer or someone that plays with the intention to maim—because of one play, one incident in the nine years I played football, I'm labeled for the rest of my life, you know?" When MacInnis inquired if the great amount of publicity he had received might not be beneficial to a football player, Atkinson replied that he had received many threatening letters and that he habitually wore a warm-up jacket over his uniform during pregame workouts so fans would not throw things at him. He added, "There are two types of publicity. Charles Manson received publicity. Sirhan Sirhan received publicity. The publicity I'm receiving is a direct result of the statements of Coach Chuck Noll."

When Swann testified, he was asked what the state of his mind was after he was felled by Atkinson's blow. He replied coolly, "I had no great desire to play further football. I thought other teams would now come after my head even more than before. I felt that those conditions would not be conducive to my good health."

Raider Managing Partner Al Davis, usually the most casual of dressers, appeared on the witness stand in a white shirt, gray tie and a dead-black suit that MacInnis dubbed his "sincere suit." Davis defended Atkinson, saying, "Anytime anybody steps on the football playing field, there is an element of risk. Every player assumes that. It's part of his contract." He also pointed out that possible injury lurks in every kind of play—legal or illegal. He said, "In every game that I've ever observed we have the paradox—the hypocritical thing—that there are some things that are legal that are more violent than things that are illegal. Our problem is to confront this."

The NFL office had been ordered by Rozelle to cooperate fully in giving out any documents or films requested by either side in the case. This may or may not have been done equally, but when it came to testifying there was no doubt that all the massive power of the league came down squarely on the side of the Steelers. The NFL supervisor of officials, Arthur McNally, was flown into San Francisco and offered damning testimony about Atkinson. Rapidly snapping a switch on a movie projector so Atkinson's shot to Swann's head was repeated—forward and backward, forward and backward—perhaps 30 times for the jury, McNally said briskly of the blow, "It was most unusual, totally unnecessary. It was deliberate. He measured his man."

Rozelle himself came as a witness for the Steelers, too. Although he had already given a lengthy deposition last month in New York, the commissioner had decided that his and the league's reputations were at stake, largely because

Rozelle, who fined Atkinson $1,500, remained unflappable even when Cox called the commissioner's office a 'castle on Park Avenue.'

Davis was prominent in the trial's outcast-Oakland vs. Establishment-Pittsburgh subtheme

Atkinson's legal team had focused sharply on the contention that there was a conspiracy on the part of the Rozelle-Rooney Establishment to get the outcast upstart Oakland crowd led by Al Davis. In fact, Willie Brown recalled that he had gone so far as to write a long letter of alarm to Davis before the trial, warning him that "Rozelle and Rooney want to dismantle your team. Every official works for Rozelle and every discretionary play from now on could go against you."

The crux of this Establishment vs. Oakland theory is the longtime feud between Rozelle and Davis, who had been commissioner of the old American Football League when it merged with the NFL in 1966. Davis has long complained about Rozelle's powers, his contract, his handling of the NFL's myriad lawsuits. When league owners voted a lucrative new contract for Rozelle this winter, the vote was 27–1—and few people doubted that Davis was the lone dissenter.

James Cox, a steely whippet of a man who once played for the San Francisco 49ers, was the third member of Atkinson's legal team, and it was he who tried through harsh cross-examination to irk Rozelle and make him reveal some conspiratorial acts between himself and the Steelers. Sarcastically, Cox referred to the NFL office as a "castle on Park Avenue," and when the tanned and immaculate commissioner took the witness stand, Cox inquired snappishly if he had just flown in from the Greek isles. Though Rozelle readily admitted that he had been on the phone with Dan Rooney six or eight times since the trial had begun, he steadfastly denied he had done anything unusual or unfair in handling the Atkinson fine. And when Cox pressed relentlessly to tie Rozelle and Rooney together as cohorts and cronies, the commissioner would not even admit they were "friends." Rozelle said, "We are close acquaintances.... I have never had a meal in Mr. Rooney's home." Cox got Rozelle to say that he had had 14 or 18 phone conversations with Rooney since last fall and that he had had none with Al Davis, but when the attorney asked him why that was the case, Rozelle calmly replied, "I have more communication with Pittsburgh than with Oakland because I get the impression the Oakland organization isn't interested in having much contact with the league office."

The commissioner was unflappable, a strong and tranquil speaker whom Cox later described as "a professional witness." When the attorney asked him flatly if there was a criminal element in the NFL, Rozelle said smoothly, "The way I view the word, as you phrase it, I don't think there is a criminal element—[that is] people who should be convicted by society." When Cox asked Rozelle if he thought Atkinson's value had been diminished because of Noll's statement, the commissioner said, "No. If the Raiders traded George today, I think the incident would have no bearing. He's an outstanding defensive back." Rozelle added that it was indeed possible that Atkinson's worth and career might actually be enhanced through his new notoriety, and he recalled the name of a former Oakland defensive lineman, Ben Davidson, saying, "Davidson, who was a good football player, not a great one, now is into commercials and making movies. He was in a rough tackle, I recall, on Joe Namath."

The attorneys' final summations—by Brown and MacInnis—were fiery, spellbinding and filled with the same semihysterical hyperbole that had characterized much of the proceedings. Brown called Atkinson a "pawn" in the case, "a rag-tag kid brawling with the Establishment." Brown declared that the NFL was like a nation unto itself with untold powers of enforcement and mass communication at its beck and call, an American force "second only to the U.S. government in terms of power, scope and potential," and he cried out to the jury, "Make Rooney and Noll atone for their sins just as George Atkinson has had to atone for his sins. Call him what you will, a dirty player, a cheap shot, but not the criminal element. This young man has been labeled for life!"

MacInnis then delivered a stunning fusillade of low blows in his summation, emphasizing previous troubles Atkinson has had with the law—carrying a concealed weapon, charges (but no convictions) of embezzlement and threats to castrate a man. "I'm not saying these charges are true, but to point out what Atkinson's reputation has been. Did Atkinson have a good reputation?" MacInnis demanded of the jury. "Did he have a bad reputation? Since injury to reputation is the gist of slander, a bad reputation must be considered by you." MacInnis then noted that the Oakland crowd had cheered when Atkinson struck Swann, and the attorney said, "I think that's a sad commentary on the motives of our generation.... It's sadistic, this secret love of violence, the spectacle of liking to see others hurt, happiness at pain, enthralled by the love of blood. That's the America of George Atkinson."

With that vicious barrage ringing in their ears, the jurors were sent to deliberate the case. After four hours the six returned their verdict: no slander, no malice, no damages for Atkinson. The 10-day trial was over. But the ugliness of it had stained everything and everyone involved, and may well continue to smear the NFL for a long time to come. As Dan Rooney, the winner, said, "This trial has been the most depressing thing I have ever done." END

DEVIL OF A TIME FOR THE ANGELS

Although owner Gene Autry lavished millions of his dollars on free agents, the green promise of spring has now turned into a hellish summer for his band of Californians, the stumbling tumbleweeds of the American League West **by Larry Keith**

After signing California Angel contracts totaling $5.2 million last November, free-agent draftees Don Baylor, Joe Rudi and Bobby Grich properly rewarded themselves with, respectively, a Mercedes-Benz, a Laguna Beach home and a Hawaii vacation. Everyone agreed that the club would receive its reward once the season began. Last week, however, the biggest investor in baseball's free-agent marketplace was beginning to look like the biggest loser, too. While Baylor fought a batting slump, Rudi recuperated from a broken hand and Grich rested his aching back for another try next spring, the Angels were sinking like the sun in the American League West.

The princely amount that owner Gene Autry approved and General Manager Harry Dalton spent seems a staggering price to pay for mediocrity. But California may have been victimized more by bad luck than bad business. Every starter in the lineup has missed at least one game because of injury, and Rudi and Grich are only two of the eight players who have languished on the disabled list. Meanwhile, a few more have had a disability of another sort. Cleanup hitter Tony Solaita has a .236 average and only 34 RBIs, and the pitching rotation has been Tanana and Ryan—and two days of cryin'.

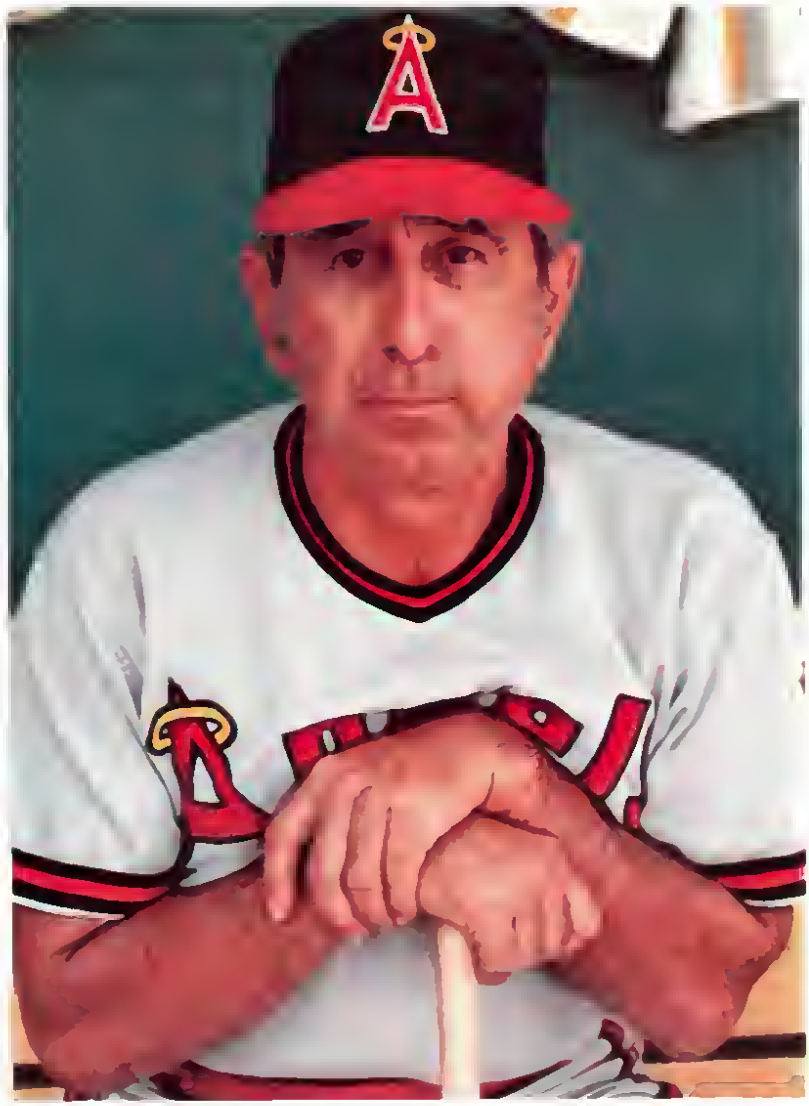
In an effort to salvage the season, Dalton has done everything but call in the 7th Cavalry, trading for four pitchers, replacing the manager and the pitching coach, hiring a batting instructor and bringing in a hypnotist to instill some badly needed positive thinking. None of it seems to be working, though. After finishing in a tie for fourth in 1976, last week California was down to fifth, five games under .500 and 12½ games out of first place. Sitting in his office on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, Autry declared hopefully, "The season's not over yet." But considering what has gone on so far, his team might be better off if it were.

Failure is no stranger to the Angels' clubhouse. The team has had only four winning seasons in its 16 years and has never finished higher than third nor closer to the top than 7½ games. Broadcaster Don Drysdale, the former Dodger pitcher, likens the club to a restaurant that has tried every possible motif and menu without ever finding a loyal clientele.

This season was supposed to be different, however—an assertion made by no less an authority than Agent Jerry Kapstein, who negotiated the three free agents' contracts. "The Angels might be the most exciting team in baseball," he predicted. "They should be one of the three or four strongest teams in either league." The enthusiasm naturally spread to the fans, who bought a record 6,000 season tickets, and to the players, who felt they would finally learn how the upper half lives. Third Baseman Dave Chalk, who has spent four seasons in Anaheim, says sadly, "I'd been through the bad times and it wasn't a helluva lot of fun. I thought we had a chance this year."

Whatever chance they had was squandered early. California opened the season by losing seven of 12 to Seattle and Oakland, two teams it might have swept. By the end of May the Angels were in third place with a 24–23 record, but in June, Grich and Rudi suffered their injuries. The team was still two games

Promoted from coach to manager, Dave Garcia ponders his dugout fate in an American Gothic pose



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

Trying too hard to make good Don Baylor can only manage a broken-bat out against the Twins

above .500 on July 5, but five straight losses to Minnesota and Texas sent it sprawling again and prompted Dalton to replace the popular Norm Sherry with Dave Garcia. In protest, angry fans said Dalton should have hired himself since Sherry had the best record (76–71) and the shortest tenure (dating back to July of last year) of any manager in the team's spotty history. "I just didn't think Norm was getting all he should have out of the players," Dalton said.

The general manager seems much more understanding of the former free agents, saying, "Joe and Bobby were fulfilling our expectations and we have a tolerant view of Baylor because we feel he'll come around the last half of the season." Grich went out on June 9 with a herniated disc, one day after he had hit a game-winning home run in the 13th inning to beat Toronto. Although he was batting .243, 19 points below his career average with Baltimore, his homers and RBIs were up and he had made a satisfactory switch from second base to shortstop. Rudi was injured on June 26, while fending off a pitch sailing toward his head. At .264 he was 11 points below his Oakland career mark, but had tied the league record with 27 RBIs in April and his 13 home runs equaled his output for all of last year.

Baylor, who had been driving to the stadium with Grich and Rudi, now travels—and endures the criticism—alone. He is batting .230 and has had only four homers and 17 RBIs since the beginning of May, meaning he will fall well short of the season expected of him—at least a .280 average, 20 to 25 home runs and 80 to 90 RBIs.

Baylor believes there are several explanations for his failure to meet those expectations. "I think I've been trying too hard because of the money," he says. "The best thing would be for me to forget about the contract, but it can't be done." He thinks his own output will improve in the second half of the season, especially since Garcia has promised to use him regularly in the outfield instead of as a DH as Sherry did. Baylor is playing left field now but when Rudi returns he will go to center. "The DH is implanted in my mind as a negative," he says. "I don't mind going out and seeing the same blade of grass every day. I really believe that if I'd been playing out there all year I'd be having a good season."

Baylor's problems may be worse than he realizes. Frank Robinson, who came over to serve as batting coach after being fired as manager at Cleveland, has made him a special reclamation project. "Don is so fouled up now that he needs a lot of work," Robinson says. "A hitter of his caliber shouldn't be in a slump like this. He's not staying back in the box, he's overstriding and he's holding the bat too high. But the first thing I told him was to relax."

The same advice could be given to the other Angels. The promises of spring and the problems of summer have put them on a psychological roller coaster. Rightfielder Bobby Bonds, who is leading the team in virtually every offensive category, observes, "I figured we would win our division and I couldn't wait for the season to start. Then when Bobby and Joe got hurt it was like an earthquake had knocked down a house we were building. Since then we haven't been as enthused or aggressive as we should be."

According to Tanana, the opposition has been quick to take advantage of the Angels' condition. "Other teams know we're down so they're confident they can walk over us. There's no reason to fear us. Certain guys, like Rudi and Grich, can carry clubs and other guys are supplements. Well, that's what we have now."

Even so, wishful noises are being made about a closing pennant rush. Robinson, in fact, is taking batting practice just in case his 41-year-old body is needed. Garcia called the team together before a three-game series in Minnesota last week to tell everyone, "It can be done, it's not impossible." Whereupon the Angels lost two of three, with Ryan and Tanana starting in the losses. The lone victory was turned in by Lefthander Ken Brett, who had lost his previous four decisions since coming over from the White Sox on June 15. Autry was so pleased at this piece of good news that he called Brett to congratulate him.

Neither Dalton nor Autry regrets splurging on the free agents, and both suggest that they will go looking again this year in a continuing effort to improve the team. Despite his fame as the singing cowboy and his fortune as a broadcasting magnate, Autry admits that he has always been a frustrated ballplayer. At 69, he may be too old to be activated, but there is still enough time, he says, to fulfill "one of my last dreams, which is to win a pennant and carry it into the World Series." **END**

Pedaling furiously inside the transparent cockpit Bryan Allen is both pilot and engine as his fragile craft wafts up up and gently away on trial hops

ON GOSSAMER WINGS, ONE OF THOSE THINGS

Bizarrely beautiful this 77-pound plane with a tail for a nose could win an $86,000 prize for man-powered flight

by Sam Moses

One afternoon recently a mustached and goggled gentleman flyer landed his classic Stearman biplane on the cracked runway of Shafter Airport near Bakersfield, Calif., a strip once used by the Army Air Corps but now the home of nothing more glorious than a few crop dusters. He climbed out, walked briskly to an open hangar at the north end of the airstrip and inquired if he might watch the work going on inside. After looking in on the activities, the gentleman thanked everybody, strode back to his biplane and flew off into the cloudless California sky.

What had aroused the curiosity of the dapper pilot, a man obviously appreciative of flying machines, was a craft that is very likely to make aviation history before the summer ends. If this machine, called the Gossamer Condor, passes an established test, it will be recognized as the first truly successful man-powered aircraft. In other words, man finally will have learned to fly by means of his own muscle and mind.

The Gossamer Condor is a strange and fragile bird, the backyard project of Dr. Paul MacCready, an aeronautical engineer and a former international soaring champion. It is made of nothing more exotic or sturdy than corrugated cardboard, balsa wood, paper-thin aluminum, piano wire, Styrofoam, Scotch tape, rope and Mylar, a tough sort of cel-

continued

lophane that covers the craft and makes it transparent.

The Gossamer Condor's wingspan is 96 feet—more than that of a DC9—but the plane weighs a mere 77 pounds. Its tail, which controls altitude and direction, is not a tail at all, but a proboscis, and its twin-bladed propeller, one blade of bright red and the other of bright yellow, is in the rear. The pilot (MacCready refers to the pilot as the "engine") sits on a small plastic seat under the wing and powers the propeller by pumping bicycle pedals.

The pilot pumps at some 90 revolutions per minute to turn the big prop blades at about 110 rpm. This enables the Gossamer Condor to do 10 mph or so, roughly the speed of a jogger over a six-minute mile. While the plane is flying, chasers keep pace with it, usually on bicycles, ready to catch and steady the craft when it lands, which is often suddenly.

The established test the Condor must pass is called the Kremer Competition. In 1959 a rich and rather eccentric British industrialist named Henry Kremer deposited £5,000 with London's Royal Aeronautical Society, specifying that it was to be awarded to the first Briton to fly a man-powered aircraft around a figure-eight course of one mile, and be at an altitude of at least 10 feet at the start and finish. Eight years later, when nobody had claimed the prize, Kremer doubled it and opened the competition to international entries. In 1973 he raised the prize to £50,000 (about $86,000).

Paul MacCready is both confident and determined that he will soon be $86,000 richer. A licensed pilot at 16, he bought his first airplane at 21. In 1948, 1949 and 1953 he was the national soaring champion. He won the international title in 1956. He has a B.S. in physics from Yale and a masters degree in physics plus a Ph. D. in aeronautical engineering from Cal Tech. He now heads a firm called Aerovironment, Inc. in Pasadena.

Though the Kremer Competition is certainly sporting as well as scientific, the 51-year-old MacCready is approaching it with the attitudes and methods of a scientist rather than a sportsman. In fact, he approaches most things in life scientifically. When asked a question about the romance of flight, he will reply with a technical answer. MacCready is the kind of man who, fielding a casual "How's it goin'?", ponders the question seriously for a moment, then replies, "Well, some things are going well, others not so well."

The initial test of the Gossamer Condor was made at about two o'clock one morning in a drizzle in the parking lot of the Rose Bowl, and MacCready recalls no ecstasy over its success. He says he can barely remember the moment of the contraption's first lift-off last November at Mojave Airport in the Mojave Desert—certainly he cannot recall any emotion. "I've got it in my notes somewhere," he mumbles as he flips through a folder of formidable scribbles.

MacCready candidly admits that one of his major motives for entering the Kremer Competition is money—not just the $86,000 prize, but the financial spinoffs that recognition would bring. He has refused to seek sponsors for the project because he would rather not get involved in any exploitation until after the Kremer prize has been won. He uses the word "exploitation" freely, but in its pure sense. "My goal in exploiting this project is money," he says. "Publicity is not a goal in itself, but can be a useful element in exploitation. But any exploitation must be ethical and professional. I don't want this to turn into an Evel Knievel sort of promotion."

More than a dozen man-powered craft—most of them English—have been airborne, and although the Condor is believed to be the leader in the Kremer Competition, a Japanese team is also close to completing the course. However, it has taken the Japanese 12 years to approach success, while MacCready has been trying to fly for less than one year. The Japanese effort is being made by mechanical-engineering students at Nihon University in Tokyo. Their instructor has been Dr. Hidemasa Kimura, designer of the World War II Zero fighter plane. There have been a number of Japanese designs and the latest is called the Stork. In January the Stork flew 1.3 miles, but the flight ended when the pilot reached the end of the runway and couldn't turn the craft around. Successful turning is critical.

Still, when MacCready learned of the Stork's success, he decided he had better step up his program lest the Japanese solve their turning problems and manage a figure eight before him. So after one encouraging test flight of 1.5 miles last March, MacCready made an official attempt to complete the Kremer course at the Shafter Airport. But it was premature: the Gossamer Condor wasn't ready to execute the turns, either, and it crashed before it got very far.

Since then, MacCready has learned that the Japanese have been derailed for a month or two while they redesign their wing to improve turning. Now he is carefully refining the Condor before he makes another attempt. He also has lifted the wrap of secrecy that heretofore covered the project, because he feels secure that the Stork can't catch the Condor even if the Japanese learn of its progress.

Every Friday night MacCready drives from his home in Pasadena to the hangar in Shafter. He lives in the hangar on weekends, occupying a sleeping bag at night. He flies at dawn—the Gossamer Condor only works in still air, and usually by 8 a.m. the breeze is too brisk for flying—and refines all day. A test flight two weeks ago was one of the most promising yet, even though it ended in a crash. At first light, MacCready woke his crew, which consists of family (his chief test pilot is his 15-year-old son Tyler, a hang-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

Sure it'll fly, says designer Dr. Paul MacCready

gliding enthusiast) and various volunteers. They rolled the plane out of the hangar. MacCready and Tyler conversed briefly—their arms waving and flapping like wings, as if *they* were trying to fly—before Tyler made a warm-up flight of about 300 yards. Then the probable pilot for the Kremer Competition, 24-year-old Bryan Allen, whose hang-gliding experience and strong legs from bicycle racing make him an ideal "engine," stepped in. After pedaling the plane on the ground for no more than 20 feet, he lifted it gracefully into the air, where it became a surreal silhouette against a huge, red, rising summer sun. It rustled in the morning stillness like a dry-cleaning bag in a breeze, and the big red-and-yellow propeller churned away slowly like a windmill on a lazy afternoon.

Allen flew the quarter mile to the south end of the runway, executed a 180-degree turn, and flew another half mile back down the runway. But at that point a crop duster took off about 100 yards away, swirling up a turbulence that shook the fragile craft and snapped one of its wings. Still, the Gossamer Condor did not collapse or nose-dive; it simply stalled and floated gently to the ground like a piece of tissue paper. MacCready considered the test a success. The repair job took only a few hours.

"I have been through many exciting times in sports and business," says MacCready. "I have done a lot of flying in light planes in thunderstorms for research. I have flown lots of national and international sailplane contests, made flights at high altitudes and had my experiences. I expect stuff to be successful because I know it will be. If one just eats away at it, it's going to work. Acrodynamic theories and knowledge of human physiology say that this thing will fly. It's not a matter of if, but a matter of when. Whether or not the achievement will be regarded as a significant milestone in aviation, I don't know for sure. But we'll fly."

Some folks feel the whole idea of man-powered flight is still much more romantic than practical. Some think the Gossamer Condor is downright anachronistic. Maybe so. But if it is an anachronism, it is an anachronism with a point. When Leonardo da Vinci was trying to fly five centuries ago, he would never have believed that man would be capable of walking on the moon before he could actually fly under his own power. **END**

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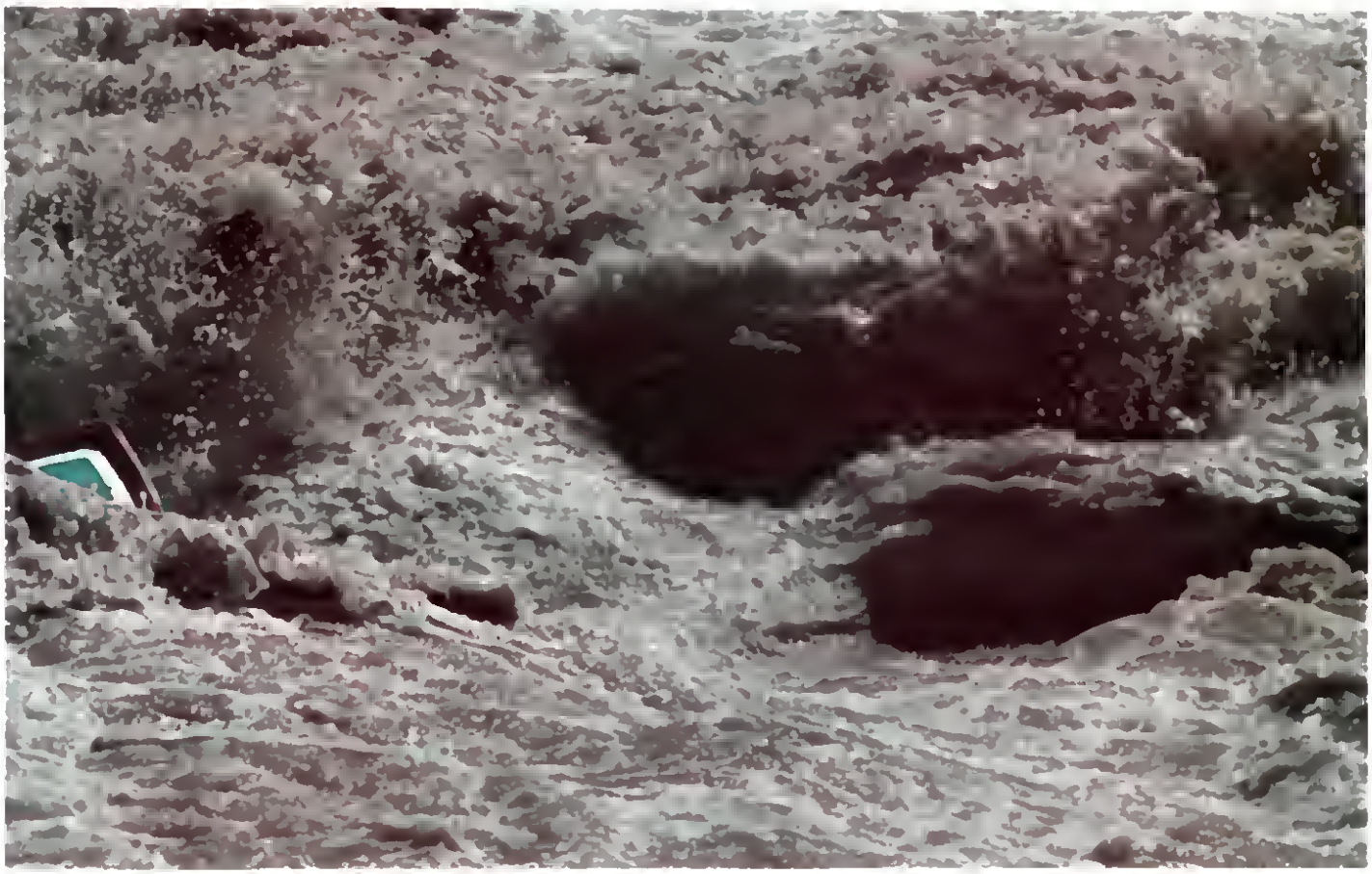
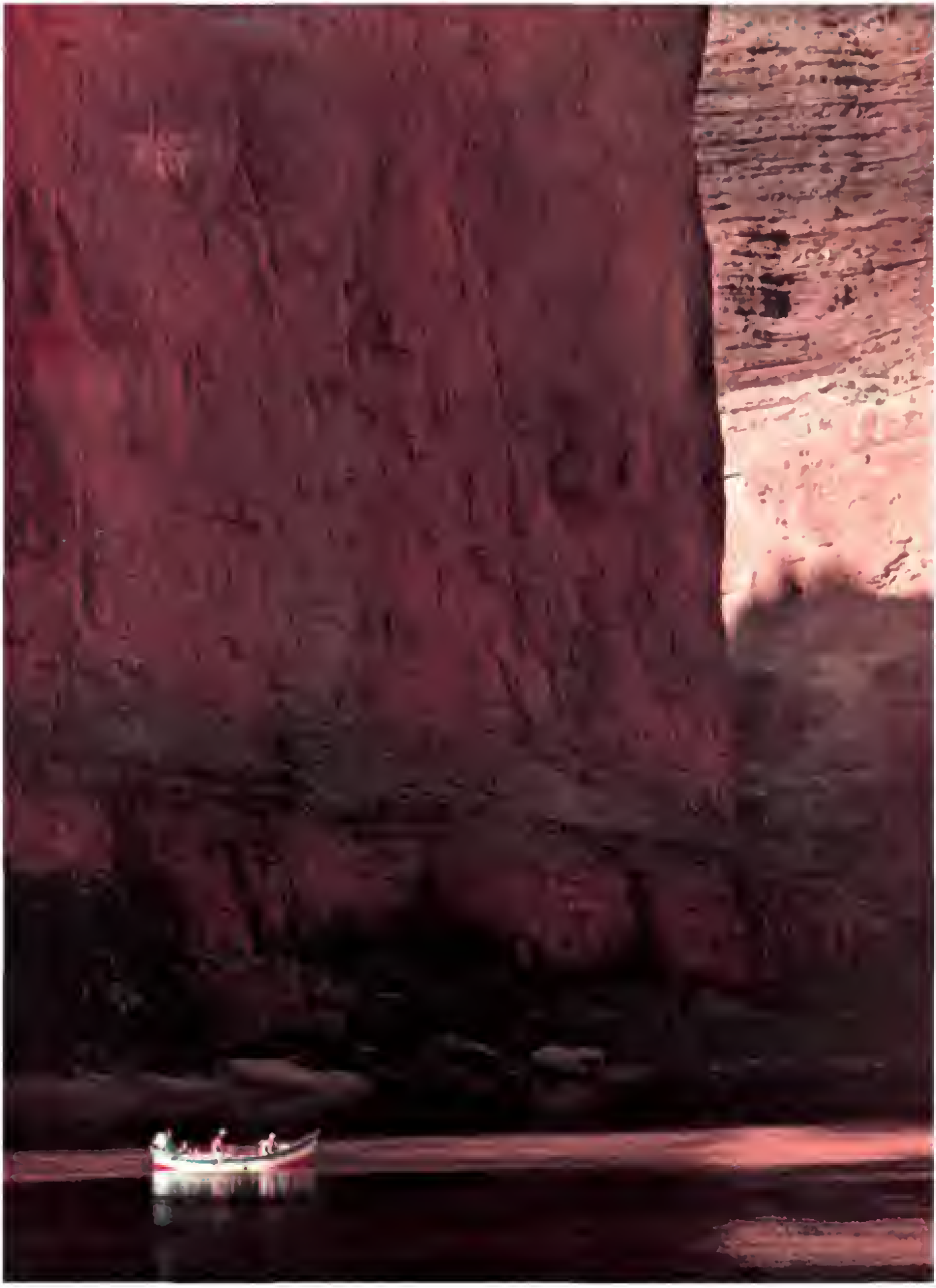
JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER

The Colorado River offers stretches of serenity and beauty, of majesty and peace. This isn't one of them. But there is an exhilaration in running the river's rapids in a small wooden boat, rather like what one might enjoy riding a spray-lashed roller coaster. To ride on, turn the pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BLAUSTEIN





GRANDEUR AND TURMOIL

Wooden dories drift effortlessly down the Colorado River, dwarfed by the soaring granite walls of the Grand Canyon that rise abruptly from the river's edge. The flowing water reflects the bright, striped boats. Only the rhythmic stroke of oars disrupts the eerie quiet, sending circular puddles behind the dories. But soon the rumbling sound of distant water slapping at walls and over rocks intensifies, until a bend in the river reveals to the eye what the ear already knows. The dories are approaching a rapids.

The oarsmen stand, one by one, like soldiers at attention, peering down toward the quickening waters. Their oars are motionless as the boats slip sideways. The passengers remain seated, tugging tight the straps on orange life preservers that had been draped loosely around their shoulders during the quiet miles. Their hands reach for the gunwales, or under seats, or out to each other, clinging to whatever they can grab. Shaping his course, an oarsman sits and pulls hard on the downstream oar, spinning the dory's stern around so that he faces head on into the rapids. Now, tugging furiously with both oars against the river's pull, he aims his boat down a boiling trough and into a wall of water.

Waves crested with white foam thrust the bow up and out of the water like a sailfish dancing at the end of a fisherman's line. For a moment the dory hangs suspended like a punching bag, rocking from side to side as waves sweep underneath, leaving one oar, and then the other, flapping uselessly at air. Before long the passengers are drenched and the dory is partially swamped. Jostled and often shivering in knee-deep, 55° water, the occupants start to bail between the enormous sprays of the river. Each oar bends like a vaulter's pole as the oarsman yanks the dory away from boulders and out of whirlpools, his strength exhausted by the time the rapids subside into a gentle, gurgling, controllable force.

Every summer professional outfitters, licensed by the National Park Service, take 14,000 people on the 277-mile journey from Lee's Ferry, Ariz., to Lake Mead, Nev. Of these, only one, Grand Canyon Dories, runs the river with the kind of dories pictured here, taking a more or less leisurely 14 to 18 days to do it. Other outfitters offer the trip in rubber rafts propelled by motors. Carrying up to 30 passengers apiece, as opposed to five per dory, these make the run in eight to 10 days.

This year trips of both kinds were officially postponed until June because the water level of the Colorado was dangerously low. The Bureau of Reclamation, which regulates the river's level by controlling the Glen Canyon Dam, had simply shut off the flow during April and May to build up a supply that had been severely diminished by the winter drought. Some of the rubber craft did leave as early as April, but the 16-foot wooden boats lay strapped to the double-decker beds of trucks, waiting for the normal summer flow of 16,000 to 18,000 cubic feet per second (cfs).

It came in mid-June. With the Bureau's release of the Glen Canyon supply, the Colorado rose to virtually its usual height and the dories were off, maneuvering through every rapids from tame Badger Creek to the wild, treacherous Lava Falls. Each stretch of rapids is ranked on a scale of one to 10, determined by degree of difficulty at different water levels. Soap Creek Rapid, for example, the first real challenge for the river runner, is rated five for 6,000 to 8,000 cfs, but jumps to seven at 20,000 cfs. It was here, in 1889, that five cedar boats capsized, spilling the occupants, who had come to survey the canyon for a railroad route, into the river. What remains of that trip is an inscription to the railroad company president, Mr. Frank M. Brown, carved into the rock. Brown had vetoed life jackets as "unnecessary," and he perished in Soap Creek.

Nowadays such foolhardiness is not permitted. Crew and passengers on dory trips spend some long hours staring at the rougher rapids from the shore. After a while one of the dories, minus paying customers, tests the rapids, steering the course that from shore appears to be the safest. The other oarsmen then guide their boats past an audience divided into those relieved to be sitting this one out and those who long to risk the plunge into frigid water for the thrill of riding the big one. The choice is not theirs to make. The dories will come ashore downstream, passengers and crew will be reunited and the procession will begin anew.

The boat *Tapestry Wall* leads a pack of six into stiller waters. Across each dory's bow a name is painted in large block letters, a remembrance of some natural wonder destroyed by man's technology. When the Glen Canyon Dam was completed in 1963, two of the Grand Canyon's treasures were submerged forever. Tapestry Wall, once a pink sandstone cliff in Glen Canyon, is gone, and Music Temple, so named by an early explorer, ironically lies hidden beneath the lake that bears its admirer's name—Lake Powell.

Major John Wesley Powell kept a diary in which he wrote of Music Temple: "When 'Old Shady' sings us a song at night, we are pleased to find that this hollow in the rock is filled with sweet sounds. It was doubtless made for an academy of music by its storm-born architect; so we name it Music Temple."

Now at night travelers lie on the beach in sleeping bags, and the Colorado's restful murmur lulls them into sleep. As one wrote a few years ago, "The moon developed a very pleasant habit of hanging just between two canyon peaks, and would gleam down from on high, making us feel very privileged indeed." Eight hours of darkness pass, and at morning light the dories set out again, at the river's own pace. —MELISSA LUDTKE

When Fanfreluche (ebove), a mare in foal to Secretariat, was stolen from her paddock, the mood at Claiborne Farm turned bluer than the grass. Motive? Fanfreluche's whereabouts? Police have only the name of a suspect

THE MILLION-DOLLAR HORSE HEIST

by ***MIKE DELNAGRO***

Calls from millionaire horse owners jammed the switchboard, reporters clamored outside the door and cops hovered about, searching for clues. Sitting in his office at Kentucky's Claiborne Farm, the most celebrated thoroughbred stud farm in the U.S., Seth Hancock fretted and fidgeted. "Slipped foals, freak broken legs, horses struck by lightning—it's all part of running a farm," the 27-year-old owner said, "but this!"

The cause of Hancock's consternation was a daring daylight theft on Saturday, June 25, in which Fanfreluche, a 10-year-old mare in foal to Secretariat, was removed from a paddock not 500 feet from Hancock's front door. In the following weeks, frustration over the theft mounted as investigators checked out scores of tips (and consulted with at least one psychic) in a vain effort to locate the missing mare. The mystery was only compounded last week when the FBI obtained a fugitive warrant for a 30-year-old Vietnam veteran named William Michael McCandless, whom agents identified vaguely as a "horse fancier." The FBI not only declined to discuss details

of McCandless' suspected involvement with the horsenapping but they also refrained from speculating on the whereabouts of Fanfreluche.

From the start, it was a case that Dick Francis might have concocted in one of his horse-and-dagger novels. At 4 p.m. on the day Fanfreluche disappeared, a farmhand counted nine broodmares in Claiborne's South Field at Barn No. 4. Two and a half hours later, the night man counted eight. The missing mare was Canada's Horse of the Year in 1970 and winner of 11 races and $238,688 during her racing career. As a broodmare her value had soared. She had produced four foals, all of which became race winners. Her first was a colt called L'Enjoleur who won the Queen's Plate—Canada's Kentucky Derby. Another was LaVoyageuse, a 2-year-old filly who romped home by four lengths in the first race of her life at Canada's Woodbine track in May. Any reckoning of Fanfreluche's value must take into account that the nine Secretariat yearlings sold at auction brought an average price of $377,778, that last week a Secretariat yearling sold for $725,000 at Keeneland, and that Fanfreluche might bear another dozen foals. She may well be a million-dollar mare.

Yet at first no one was overly concerned about her disappearance. Horses often run into fences and sometimes jump them. She probably was in another paddock, the thinking went. Early the next morning, workers at Claiborne routinely stepped up the search. One of the farmhands walked the fencerow, hoping to find a swatch of horsehair or something that would indicate where the mare broke free. What he found instead was a crude patch in the boxed-wire fence. It had been cut and then hastily repaired.

It was 9 a.m. and Claiborne security chief Eugene Flora phoned the police. Within minutes a message was flashed across the country: ATTEMPT TO LOCATE STOLEN, 6/25, FROM CLAIBORNE FARM IN BOURBON COUNTY, KY., THOROUGHBRED MARE. HAS TATTOO NUMBER W1299? INSIDE UPPER LIP. COLOR BAY, HAS WHITE STAR ON FOREHEAD AND WHITE RINGS ABOVE REAR HOOVES. Meanwhile, a Kentucky highway-patrol vehicle pulled into a driveway at Claiborne. Soon more police arrived, and then more police.

It was an unlikely scene. Claiborne houses 325 of the world's finest broodmares, hundreds of blue-blooded sucklings and yearlings, and 24 stallions alone worth roughly $50 million. Off just one sycamore-lined path are Secretariat, Riva Ridge, Round Table and Hoist The Flag. Tom Rolfe, Damascus, Buckpasser and other coveted studs graze nearby. Success often breeds enemies, but Hancock does not believe that Claiborne Farm was the target of the horsenappers. "If they had a grudge against me," he says, "wouldn't they just pick up a rifle and shoot one of those stallions?"

The farm consists of 3,200 acres of rolling hills near Paris, Ky., part of the six-county area surrounding Lexington that is called the Bluegrass. It is sprawling, but not defenseless as farms go. At night four auxiliary gates are locked and a sentry guards the main entrance. Eight security police, in trucks equipped with searchlights and radios, comb the fields while a ninth man patrols the roadways in a police car. During daylight hours 140 employees bustle about the farm. They say no one roams there unnoticed. But on June 25 somebody did.

The thieves somehow knew where Fanfreluche was paddocked, although Claiborne takes enormous care to conceal the whereabouts of its horses. There are no maps of the layout or signs on the barns, and listings of current boarders are not made available to the public. Remarkably, too, there is not a single brochure. Horses are identified by 1"-by-2" nameplates on their head collars; the lettering is indecipherable at a distance of more than six or seven feet. While thousands of tourists visit the farm annually, they see only the stallions, and a groom is always present. Mares are off limits. Even *horsemen* cannot see one unless the mare's owner allows it.

The South Field of Barn 4 lies near the center of Claiborne Farm. It is enclosed by a 50-inch-high Elwood fence—wire mesh attached to wooden posts. A horizontal plank is nailed across the top. Horsemen consider the Elwood safer than the state's celebrated white-board fencing because horses cannot get their legs caught in it. Elwoods are also tougher to break open. The south fence of the field runs along Route 627, a two-lane road from Paris to Winchester that cuts Claiborne in half. The north and west fences abut other fields. The east fence runs directly in front of Hancock's 24-room Victorian house. Between the field and the house there is a driveway that exits on Route 627 and is never guarded. Inside the field is a smaller house, occupied by Harold Jolly, a vet's helper at Claiborne. Foreman Bill Purcell lives across Route 627 and also has a view of the field. "No farm is perfectly secure," says Hancock. "I could steal a horse from most of them myself. But *that* field? If you told me last week that a mare might be stolen from there, I'd have bet 20 to 1 you were wrong."

Two factors did favor the thieves. Since the end of the breeding season in mid-June, the mares had grazed in the fields 24 hours a day and were never moved from paddock to paddock, which presumably made it easier for the thieves to assay the situation. Secondly, no horse had been stolen from Claiborne in its 75-year history. "If I'd seen a mare being walked to a van out there," Hancock admitted, pointing to the road, "I'd figure she was shipping rank and I'd ask the people if they needed help."

On Sunday morning, half an hour after Claiborne reported the theft, Kentucky State Police Detective Robert Duffy was brought into the case. In 10 years as a state trooper Duffy had come upon only one horse theft, involving a

continued

missing Appaloosa worth $300. He had worked most recently on the investigation of the grisly fire at the Beverly Hills Supper Club in Covington, which took 161 lives. At 9:30 a.m. Bob Bird, a 20-year FBI veteran, was assigned to assist in the Claiborne investigation. Bird once cracked a stolen-cattle caper, but he admitted knowing little about thoroughbreds. "I guess the FBI picked me because I was raised on a farm," he said.

The investigators called for road checkpoints to be set up throughout Kentucky and surrounding states. They notified the media of the theft and began interviewing Claiborne employees and neighbors. Phone tips started trickling in, but most were grudge calls or pranks. One caller blurted out that the mare could be found in Ohio and hung up hastily.

By Sunday night Duffy and Bird had turned up some clues. A plastic garbage bag, half filled with alfalfa hay, was found near the spot where the fence had been cut. A set of hoofprints was discovered, leading from the fence to Hancock's driveway. A neighbor reported that a silver Ford LTD had been parked by the field off Route 627 on each of the three days preceding the theft. Another neighbor saw a green pickup towing an empty aluminum two-horse van near Claiborne at 4:40 p.m. on the day itself. He was sure of the time because he had been waiting for a friend, frequently checking his watch. A farmhand saw the same truck five miles farther down the road, on the other side of Claiborne, some 20 minutes later. "This is no fraternity prank or one-man job," Bird concluded. "Somebody knew the score."

The investigators pieced together a scenario. The thieves had surveyed the area for three days, feeding the mares over the fence to train them to come for food as a daily routine. On June 25 they backed a van into Hancock's driveway and parked it at a spot where, with an oak on one side and a sugar maple on the other, the view from all three nearby houses was perfectly blocked. They may or may not have known that Hancock was playing golf at the time. They lured the mares to the fence, singled out Fanfreluche and, using a bolt cutter, severed the mesh. As the mare was loaded into the van, which was no mean feat because she is a stubborn animal ("You had to be an experienced horseman to work with her," says a farm employee who knew her well), another of the group tied the fence back together with thin wire. Then the thieves drove off.

Bird and Duffy figured that the motive might be extortion. Nelson Bunker Hunt once had a horse stolen from him in Italy. The thieves demanded ransom but Hunt ignored them. The horse was recovered, skinny and sick, in a butcher shop where it was about to be slaughtered. Last year three masked men with submachine guns spirited away two standardbred stallions from a Canadian farm and demanded $200,000. The money was dropped off at the designated spot, and the horses were recovered and the members of the gang captured.

Another possibility was political terrorism. The mare's owner, Jean-Louis Levesque, is board chairman of Levesque, Beaubien, Inc., a brokerage firm, and a French Canadian who in the past has been a target for Quebec terrorists. He is a distant relative of Rene Levesque, head of *Parti Quebecois*, the governing separatist party committed to the province's independence and to French-language dominance. But Jean-Louis Levesque believes in federalism and bilingualism. Just before the Queen's Plate in 1970, Levesque's home was bombed by separatists who were angered that so prominent a French Canadian had chosen to participate in a race closely associated with monarchy and federalism. Fanfreluche ran that day and finished second. She disappeared from Claiborne on Queen's Plate day, and some people feel it was no coincidence. But terrorists usually take prompt and noisy credit for their deeds; the Claiborne theft was followed by silence.

If not extortion or politics, then what? Could the thieves seriously be planning to keep Fanfreluche? Without registration papers they can neither breed nor race the future foal. However, assuming

continued

On a happier day for owner Levesque, Fanfreluche took the Selene Stakes, one of her 11 career wins.

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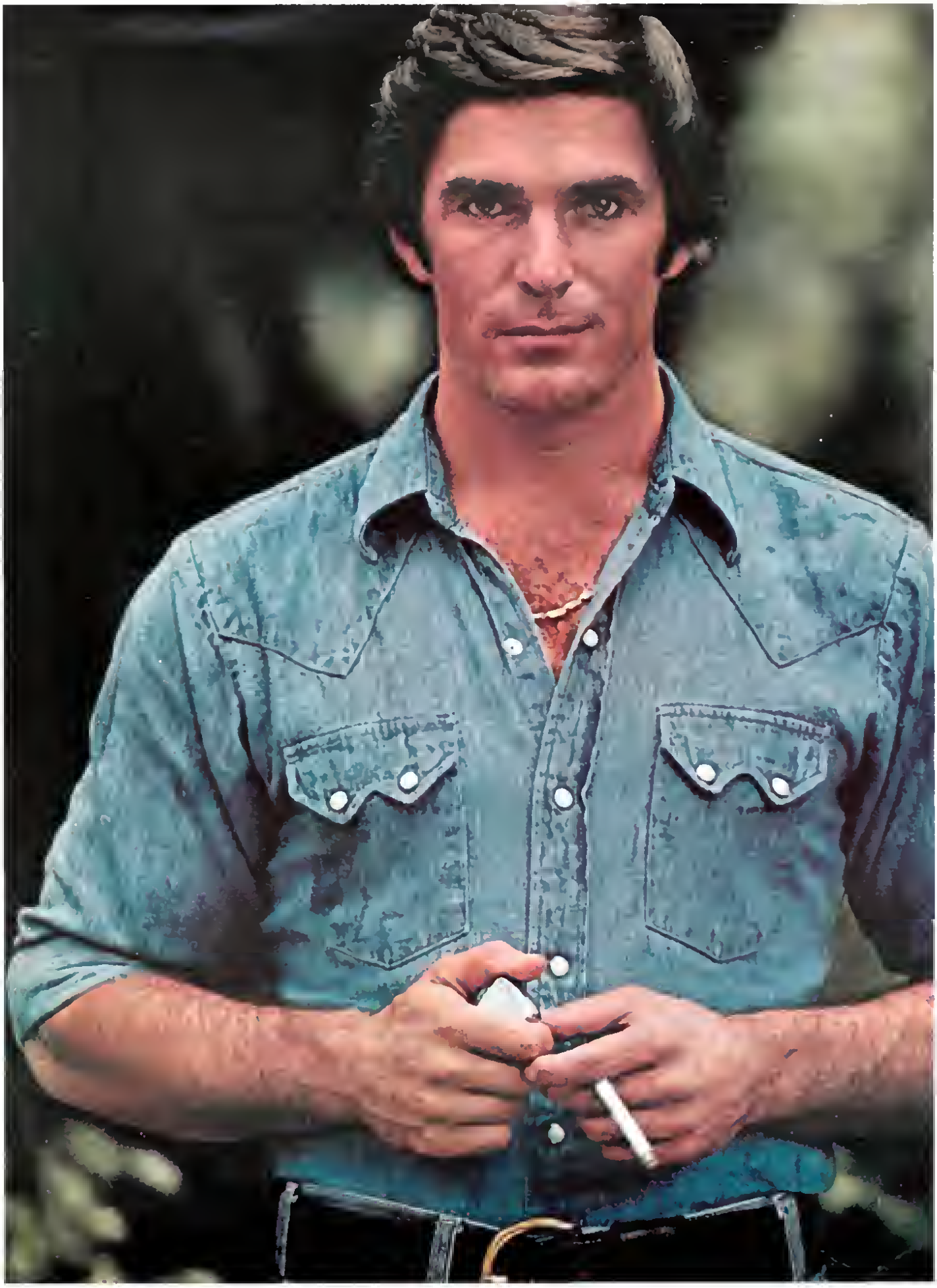
Heineken tastes tremendous. No wonder it's America's #1 imported beer.



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Is America getting trapped by foreign steel... as we are by foreign oil?

In the oil-crisis winter of 1973-74, another crisis struck—the *steel* crisis. You don't remember America's steel crisis? Well, it was real. And it cost America's steel users a bundle.

The steel trap

Most foreign steelmakers are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

We believe that much of the steel being imported into the U.S is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below the foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

Here today, gone tomorrow

During periods of slack demand, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. They ship excess steel overseas, much of it to the U.S., priced to sell.

That's what happened in the sixties and early seventies. But, suddenly, in '73 and '74, the imported steel was needed "at home." The foreign supply dwindled to a trickle. Domestic mills worked overtime, but our production capacity just wasn't enough. Steel imports had skimmed off increases in the domestic demand for steel and reduced the profitability of the American steel industry.

So they lowered the boom

Foreign producers jacked their prices sky-high. And America's steel users could (1) cut back their manufacturing operations, or (2) pay an exhorbitant price for foreign steel—when they could get it! It's estimated that in 1974 alone American steel buyers paid foreign producers $1.6 billion *over* the then current domestic market prices.

Will history repeat itself?

How much should this country rely on imports for its steel supplies? Things were bad in '73-'74, but they could get worse in the future. What could this country expect if we were as dependent on foreign steel as we are on foreign oil?

Free trade, yes! But fair!

Bethlehem Steel and the American steel industry are *not* "protectionist." We are *not* looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports... and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

Bethlehem

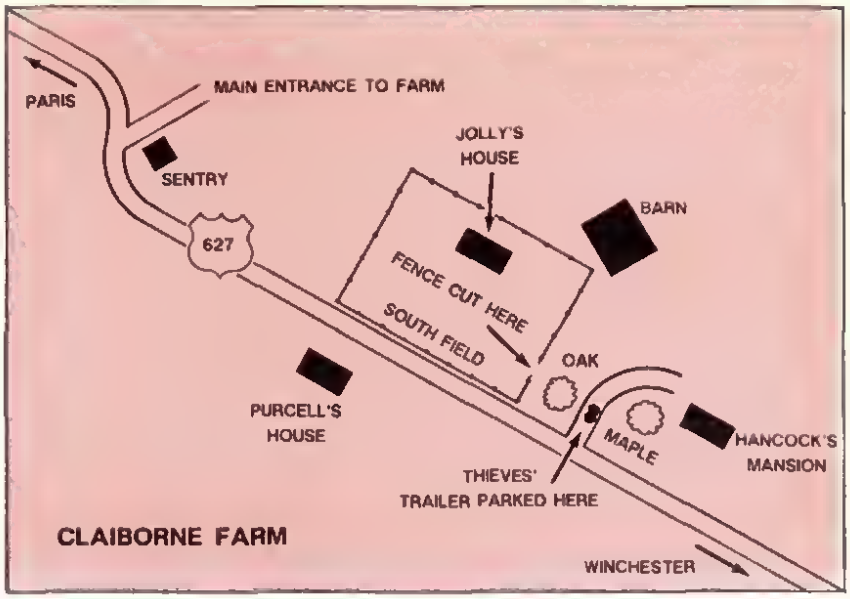
BETHLEHEM STEEL

the thieves own a second pregnant mare registered by The Jockey Club. It is conceivable that they might contrive to switch foals next winter. In 1975 two yearlings were stolen from Keeneland during the annual sales. They never turned up. One of them, a Bagdad colt, is owned by Lexingtonian Bob Stilz. His wife Sue, a National Car Rental agent at the Lexington airport, has given up hope that the colt will ever be found. She wonders if he is being raced somewhere. "You know," she says wistfully, "he'd be three now and he had no distinguishing markings—just like Seattle Slew."

Horse identification has long been difficult. Lip tattoos wear off and can be changed. Night eyes, the rough patches on the insides of a horse's legs, are considered reliable, but only in New York has a system utilizing them been highly developed. Last August a blood-type registration program was begun. As of January 1979, every stallion's blood type must be on file with The Jockey Club. Starting the same year, broodmares will be registered as to blood type, too. Although these programs cannot positively identify the sire of a foal, 94% of the time they will be able to eliminate a sire or dam as a possible parent. The Jockey Club can demand a blood test of any registered horse, and recently it has turned up bogus registrations in this way.

As Levesque waited at his phone, Sunday dragged into Monday but no ransom demand was received. There was a flurry of activity on Monday night when it was learned that a planeload of thoroughbreds had just left nearby Greater Cincinnati Airport for France. Could the mare be one of the 15 aboard? The head of the shipping agency was questioned closely and French authorities were asked to meet the jet and check its cargo. At dawn word came that there was no mare in the shipment fitting Fanfreluche's description.

Weeks passed but few additional clues were found. Claiborne posted a $25,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of Fanfreluche's abductors. Investigators in Kentucky received a letter from a woman in California who claimed to be psychic. She said she dreamed she saw the mare in a blue barn with horse manure piled in front of it. A search for a blue barn was begun, just in case. Sometimes, Duffy explained, people have strange ways of telling police the things they know. "We're just playing the waiting game," Bird said.



The South Field, from which Fanfreluche was spirited away, lies smack in the center of Claiborne Farm

Last week Claiborne suffered more ill luck when three other valuable mares were killed by lightning. They were Lie Low and Vagabonda, in foal to Nijinsky II and Riva Ridge respectively, and Polka Dot Veil, who was not in foal. The lightning also killed a Lie Low suckling, who was at his dam's side. Meanwhile, Lexington was playing host to Keeneland's big summer yearling sale amid tightened security arrangements and a lot of idle theorizing about the whos and whys of Fanfreluche's abduction.

"I think it was an inside job," said one leading breeder.

"To me, it looks like a bunch of amateurs," volunteered a blonde in a white pajama outfit.

"I heard the Mafia is involved," offered a bloodstock agent through the thick smoke of his imported cigar.

And a psychiatrist said, "Maybe the Martians got her."

None of these people knew that a warrant had just been issued for the arrest of the mysterious McCandless. An itinerant horseman whose last known address was Nashville, McCandless has been working around horses, mainly as a groom, since his release from the Marine Corps 10 years ago. He worked mostly at small tracks like Cahokia Downs in Illinois and Ellis Park near Henderson, Ky. He also held an owner's license in Nebraska in 1975 but it has lapsed. FBI agent Bob Pence said, "As far as we know, he was acting alone but we're not ruling out the possibility that others may be involved." Pence and other agents said that McCandless was recently seen in Texas but that he might be in Tennessee or Kentucky. They said they had no idea where the horse was.

Mrs. G. A. McCandless of Nashville, William Michael's mother, said she was questioned by FBI agents, who told her only that her son had been seen with a large amount of cash. She speculated that the FBI's interest in him might have something to do with the fact that he recently transported a mare owned by her father from Kentucky to Illinois. She had just paid $500 for the horse to be bred to a stallion. "I don't think Mike would do something like this," she said. "He would know that you can't do anything with a horse without the proper papers."

Early in the investigation reporters were told that Fanfreluche often aborts her foals and that she desperately needed a drug called Depo-provera to save her present foal. Police, no doubt, hoped that someone would request the drug of a vet or at a pharmacy, thus providing them with fresh leads. But the announcement also happened to be basically accurate. Fanfreluche lost a foal in 1972 and was barren in two recent years, and Claiborne did administer Depo-provera to her every three weeks. Fanfreluche was last treated with the medication at Claiborne on June 22. Right now, her coveted foal by Secretariat might be in serious trouble. For all anybody knows, the mare could be, too. **END**

Cesar's salad days are over

Supposed superstar Cedeno of Houston is playing more like a 'could have been'

Cesar Cedeno was the last Houston player out of the clubhouse that night, but the kids, 30 to 35 of them, had waited in the parking lot by the Mercedes with the Cedeno license plates. "Hey, Cesar," one yelled out of the middle of the swarm, "what're you hitting?" "About a hundred," Cedeno answered without looking up from his signing. "Carew's hitting .400," the kid persisted. "What's wrong with you?" "I guess," Cedeno sighed, "I've finally reached my potential." Cedeno's wife Cora got into the Mercedes and drove home. Cesar got into a Buick and drove across the lot to the Holiday Inn for a beer. "One person calls me a superstar, the next guy says I'm a bum," he said. "Sometime I wish someone would explain just what a superstar is."

A superstar is what Cesar Cedeno was supposed to be. By the time he was 22, back in 1973, he had been proclaimed "the next Clemente," while his former manager, Leo Durocher, said he was "better than Willie Mays at the same age." Cedeno had already batted over .300 three times, been an All-Star twice, was making $90,000 and, according to many baseball people, had more open market value than anyone in the game. But one thing people overlooked was that Durocher also said that "the only person with talent comparable to Cedeno and Mays was Pete Reiser, but he kept getting hurt." Now, when Cedeno should be entering the prime of his career, he finds himself finishing July hitting .206 with but three homers and 23 runs batted in. "When I came over here a year ago I expected to find a superstar," says one teammate, "but I haven't seen one."

On Dec. 11, 1973, 19-year-old Altagracia de la Cruz was shot by Cedeno's gun, in the Keko Motel in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. Cedeno at her side. Ever since he has been dogged by the "incident" and by his failure to reach his "potential."

"He's at a crossroad," says Batting Coach Deacon Jones. "Either he's going to learn from this year's horrible experience and go one way, or he's going to be another 'could have been.' Remember Tommie Agee? Adolfo Phillips?"

It irks Cedeno that people talk about him in terms of potential. "No matter what I do, they think I had a bad year," he says. He is one of the best outfielders in the National League, with five gold gloves on his left hand already. He is a dangerous offensive player; he gets on base, getting hit by pitches and normally batting in the .265 to .295 range, and his stolen bases (55, 56, 57, 50, 58 the last five years) demonstrate that he is one of the top stealers.

What concerns Manager Bill Virdon and others is not just Cedeno's slump, but that somehow he is a different hitter at 26 from what he was at 22. "There's no question he's changed," says Coach Tony Pacheco, who helped sign Cesar at age 16. Cedeno should be able to leg-hit .290 on AstroTurf, but while he used to drive the ball hard up the alleys he is now pulling pitches off the handle and slicing others off the end of the bat. At 20, 21 and 22, he averaged 38 doubles a season. The last three years he has averaged 29, low for artificial turf, especially considering his strength (he weighs 203) and quickness. "He's had decent averages [.269, .288, .297] the previous three years," says Virdon, "but he really hasn't hit the ball hard consistently."

Even two weeks ago it seemed he was over the slump with two singles off Tom Seaver one night and a three-run triple to beat the Reds the next day. But those singles were loopers, the triple a one-hopper inside the third-base bag. "Pitchers keep making it tougher and tougher for him," says Jones. "This is the first time he's really had to face adversity or question himself. Everyone reaches a certain point where he has to come to grips with not being able to get by solely on natural ability. Most ballplayers reach that point right away, in the minors, and if they can't cope you never hear of them. Cesar is so talented, he went years in the majors before he had to confront it. Just hope it doesn't get any worse for him."

"Nothing can ever be worse than this year," says Cedeno. In spring training he

Bunting to boost his anemic batting average is the unkindest cut this Cesar can take in a dismal year

severed finger ligaments while falling away from an errant ball from a pitching machine in a batting cage. He began the season going 6 for 48. But the low point came June 20-22 in Montreal, when he went 0 for the series and dropped to .179. "I had to have him come to me," says Jones. "He's proud and a little stubborn. But he was so fouled up he didn't know where he was. We just tried to get him started all over again."

Then Cedeno asked Virdon to take him out of the lineup for a couple of days. "It was one of the toughest things I've ever had to do," says Cedeno. "I'm no .100 hitter, though, and that hurt my pride worse than sitting down." Since then, Cedeno has come back up some 35 to 40 points. "He'll end up with decent statistics," says one teammate, "but statistics are for people who don't know anything. He's never been the same hitter since that incident."

Cedeno has two answers to any questions about that incident: "It never affected my playing" and "I'd rather not talk about it." But it follows him. Fans still holler things at him like, "Who you going to kill next?" Bench jockeys have been known to call him "the fastest gun in the West." He hasn't gone home to the Dominican Republic since his trial. People have persisted in digging up dirt about the death, despite the fact that paraffin tests showed that the girl's fingerprints were on the trigger and in the end Cedeno was merely fined 100 pesos. "I remember going 3 for 4 in New York one day in '74,' Cesar says, "and afterward there were dozens of reporters who only wanted to ask me about what happened in the Dominican. It was like that a lot. But I didn't talk about it. I never let people know what bothers me."

Astro First Baseman Bob Watson, who has been with the club since 1966, thinks it affected Cedeno. "He was so young, so proud, that I think he tried extra hard to prove to everyone that it never bothered him," says Watson. "He had a good season [.269, 26 homers, 102 RBIs], but he altered his swing trying to hit homers. After that, maybe pitchers adjusted, and he hasn't readjusted himself."

Cedeno admits that injuries have chipped away at his physical ability. He hurt his right knee in winter ball in 1972 and has been bothered by both knees over the years. He has had ankle problems, too. "It takes me 20 or 30 minutes to get loose every day," he says. What with those chronic ailments, the injured hand, a foot injury caused by a foul ball in San Diego July 4 and a wrist he jammed running into a wall, he has missed a total of 14 games. Many teammates say he should be playing with small hurts. "I know if I can play," says Cedeno in his own defense. "I have too much pride to play less than 100% and say I was hurt." When he does play, Cedeno is a daredevil. The night of July 4, he jumped high above the center-field fence to rob the Padres' Dave Kingman of a home run and save a victory. The next night he was hurt and he missed the July 6 game in Los Angeles, but the night after that he tried to play and, after hobbling down the baseline to steal a base and crashing into another wall, had to leave. He sat out against a rookie lefthander, Cincinnati's Doug Capilla, on Friday, yet came back against Seaver the next night. "He certainly never dogs it," says Virdon. "In fact, I guess you could say he plays with reckless abandon."

There is a theory that Cedeno simply needs to get out of Houston. "If he did, he'd be the best player in the league," says Joe Morgan, who went from unhappiness in Houston to superstardom in Cincinnati. The complaint is that Houston is a dead baseball town. The team has been in and out of receivership the last four years. "The spectators come in fur coats and ties," says ex-Astro Pitcher Dave Roberts, now with the Tigers. "They're either there to see the Astrodome or sitting in someone else's corporate box." Even Cedeno, who says he does not want to be traded, thinks the atmosphere suffers in comparison with that in Philadelphia, Cincinnati or Los Angeles. "There were 42,000 people in there tonight," he said that evening at the Holiday Inn, "and only six or seven thousand were rooting for us. I'm the only player that anyone recognizes on the street and that's probably only because my picture was in the paper so much after the incident. We get no national publicity." The unsung Watson has hit .300 four of the last five years, and Roger Metzger has never received due credit for his fine glove at shortstop. Few people know that the Astros—with J. R. Richard, Joaquin Andujar, Floyd Bannister and Joe Sambito—have the best crop of young pitchers in the league. But that's the same in any losing town outside of New York and L.A., and the Astros have had but two winning records in 16 years.

"The reason Morgan went on to do so well was that there are such good players around him in Cincinnati," says Watson. "If he goes 0 for 4, he has a Rose, Bench, Foster or someone to pick him up. But we haven't had great talent, so if Cesar, Jose Cruz or I go 0 for 4, we're noticed. It's our fault for losing."

To discuss what Cedeno might do in, say, Cincinnati, is irrelevant, say General Manager Tal Smith and his assistant, John Mullen. Cedeno is going to stay in Houston. "With our young pitching and a couple of other players, Cesar is a cornerstone of this team," says Smith.

"One good thing may come from this season," says Cedeno. "Maybe people will stop calling me the 'next Clemente' or the 'next Mays.' I'm just the first Cedeno, whatever that may be."

THE WEEK

(July 17-23)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

ALL-STAR GAME

Winning teams make things go right, right from the start," said Joe Morgan, who right from the start put the National League in command of the 48th All-Star Game by leading off the first inning with a home run. The National Leaguers kept making things go their way. Before that inning was over, Dave Parker had singled and, with a well-calculated slide to the outside of the plate, eluded Catcher Carlton Fisk as he scored on George Foster's double. Foster scored moments later, ambling home ahead of Greg Luzinski's homer.

Jim Palmer, who had pitched eight shutout innings during his past three All-Star Games, then yielded his third home run of the night to Steve Garvey in the third to put the NL up 5–0. When American League Manager Billy Martin yanked him after that blast, Palmer said, "What took you so long?"

It took the American Leaguers until the sixth to score. Don Sutton, the game's MVP, gave up just one hit in the first three innings and Gary Lavelle one during the next two. Then along came the pitcher who is fast becoming the AL's favorite, Tom Seaver. During the pregame introductions, the Yankee Stadium crowd of 56,683 had saved its biggest ovation for Seaver, who was in New York for the first time since being traded to Cincinnati. When Seaver took to the mound,

continued

though, it was AL batters who wanted to cheer. Richie Zisk drove in two runs against him in the sixth and Willie Randolph another in the seventh. At that point, over the last 23 innings in three All-Star Games, the AL had scored seven runs—all against Seaver.

With their lead trimmed to 5–3, the National Leaguers got busy, scoring twice in the eighth on Dave Winfield's single. A two-run homer in the ninth by George Scott of the AL made the final score 7–5. It was the sixth consecutive victory for the NL and the 14th in 15 games, increasing its advantage in the series to 29–18–1.

Assorted reasons were given for this continuation of NL superiority. Sutton felt that having an AL umpire, Bill Kunkel, behind the plate helped him. "Some of my high fastballs would have been balls in the National League," Sutton said. Billy Martin had promised to 'manage like this is the seventh game of the World Series,' but got little chance to do so. Three pitchers he had hanked on—Frank Tanana, Mark Fidrych and Vida Blue—missed the game because of arm troubles. And Nolan Ryan, who was upset because he was not chosen originally, declined Martin's belated invitation and instead went to the beach.

Said Scott: "The fans voted bad. We didn't have our best players on the field at the start. The fans robbed us of our artillery. We had 90 taters on the pine." Translated, that was George's way of saying the AL bench was stocked with sluggers, including Scott himself (25 homers), Jim Rice (23), Larry Hisle (21) and Graig Nettles (20).

NL WEST During a personal seven-game losing streak, Mark Lemongello of Houston (2–2) admitted he was so upset that he "even thought of suicide but I figured if I tried I'd probably miss." Lemongello was alive and well last week, and got his first win since May 13 by beating Cincinnati 3–1 with relief help from Joe Niekro. Five days later Lemongello went the distance for the first time to stop St. Louis 4–2.

Also delighted to be a winner again was John Montefusco of the Giants (1–3), who missed 63 days because of a bum ankle. Another returnee, Tim Foli, helped the Count beat the Phillies 6–2 by hitting two homers. Foli had been out for a month with three cracked ribs.

For Rollie Fingers of San Diego (2–2) it was a profitable week both on and off the field. On the mound he earned his seventh win and 21st save. During the All-Star break Fingers went to Las Vegas, where, he said, he won $4,000 playing blackjack.

Despite losing three of four games, Los Angeles gained on Cincinnati (0–4). Doug Rau (11–1) defeated the Padres 4–3, but then the Dodger offense fizzled. The Reds sagged because their pitchers blew leads in three games.

Atlanta (2–2) finally beat San Francisco 11–10 after dissipating an 8–2 lead when Willie Montanez singled in the bottom of the ninth inning.

LA 59–36 CIN 48–44 HOUS 44–52
SF 44–53 SD 42–56 ATL 35–59

NL EAST Revenge, slick fielding, blisters, hair and baseball's latest Me and Paul combination figured prominently as the race for the top tightened. Second Baseman Rennie Stennett, who felt snubbed when Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson did not select him for the All-Star squad, excelled as Pittsburgh (4–1) swept three games from the Reds. Stennett fielded spectacularly and had six hits in 12 at bats against Cincy as he raised his batting average to .333. Dave Parker brought his average up to a league-leading .338 by going 8 for 14 against the Reds, and Bill Robinson was 6 for 14 to lift his to .312. In an 8–7 win over the Reds, it was Robinson who tied the score with a triple in the 10th and won it with a single in the 12th.

Shortstop Larry Bowa helped preserve a 4–2 Philadelphia win over Chicago by turning two "sure" Cub hits into outs in the last two innings. Steve Carlton won his 13th game. Reliever Tug McGraw saved two victories and the Phillies (3–1) overcame a 6–0 deficit to overhaul the Giants 9–6.

Montreal's oft-maligned pitchers baffled Dodger batters as the Expos (4–0) swept a series from them for the first time in their history. Steve Rogers and Jackie Brown developed blisters on their index fingers but hung on for 4–0 and 2–1 wins, both on four-hitters. Montreal's superlative outfielders also showed their skills. Warren Cromartie and Del Unser homering in the 2–1 victory and Ellis Valentine robbing Reggie Smith of a home run with a leaping catch above the eight-foot fence in right field in that game. Stan Bahnsen and Joe Kerrigan then teamed up to limit the Dodgers to seven hits in a 6–4 Expo triumph.

Board Chairman August A. Busch Jr. of St. Louis (2–2) lifted Manager Vern Rapp's ban on facial hair for the Cardinals to accommodate Reliever Al Hrabosky, who had grumbled since having to shave his Fu Manchu and beard. But Busch supported Rapp by signing him to a contract through next season and told Hrabosky, "You said ... you can only get batters out by being psyched up with your mustache and beard. Then go ahead and grow it. But, boy, are you going to look like a fool if you don't get batters out." Despite having only stubble when he pitched for the first time after that, Hrabosky was at his demonic best, holding Houston hitless for 2⅓ innings as the Cardinals won 4–3.

Rick Reuschel (13–3) of Chicago (2–2) silenced Atlanta 1–0. A day earlier, Rick's brother Paul was a 4–3 winner in relief over the Braves. Although the Cubs clung to first place, they were sure to miss Reliever Bruce Sutter, who was sidelined by a hemorrhaging shoulder muscle.

Jerry Koosman of New York (2–3) muffled Pittsburgh 9–3 and Jon Matlack blanked San Diego 5–0. Supplying much of the Mets' paltry offense was rookie Steve Henderson (.300 hitting and eight RBIs).

CHI 53–36 PHIL 54–39 PITT 53–42
ST.L 49–46 MONT 45–47 NY 38–56

AL EAST "I guarantee things will change," said Rico Carty, certain that the Indians (3–2) would improve after the All-Star interlude. Carty did some changing himself by hitting a two-run homer that gave the Indians a 9–8 win in Boston, a game that began with the first four Cleveland batters hitting for the cycle against, oddly, Reggie Cleveland. Duane Kuiper led off with a single. Buddy Bell tripled, Larvell Blanks doubled and Andre Thornton homered.

Boston (2–3) split four games with Cleveland, Luis Tiant winning 11–4 with the help of Butch Hobson's 19th homer, and Rick Wise prevailing 3–0. Those victories moved the Red Sox into first place ahead of the punchless Orioles. Baltimore scored only three runs while losing all three of its outings.

Even though Don Money and Robin Yount were already hurt, and Sixto Lezcano suffered a broken hand, Milwaukee (3–2) split four games in New York. Bill Castro picked up his eighth win as the Brewers stymied the Yankees 5–4 in 10 innings.

That defeat was part of another depressing week for the Yankees (2–3), who had led 4–0 in the ninth but blew it by committing five mistakes in the final two innings. Billy Martin admitted his managerial job was in jeopardy, saying, "I believe I have something to worry about." For a change, though, he did not have to worry about Catfish Hunter, who stopped the Brewers 7–0.

Toronto won only once in four tries. The Blue Jays' victory came when Jesse Jefferson muzzled the Tigers 3–2 with a five-hitter.

With Mark Fidrych of Detroit (2–3) out with tendinitis in his pitching shoulder, Dave Rozema did his best to fill the Bird's role. This he did by stopping the Royals 5–4 and by then munching on a watermelon during a post-game TV interview in which he accidentally spit a seed on the announcer.

BOS 53–40 BALT 53–41 NY 52–44 CLEV 43–49
MIL 43–51 DET 42–52 TOR 34–60

AL WEST "Take that and that and that, Charlie Finley. I'm haunting him now. Finley never gave me a chance." Doing the speaking—and the haunting—was Glenn Abbott of Seattle (3–1), who used to pitch for Finley's A's. Abbott beat Oakland for the third time this season 4–3 to lift the Mariners out of the cellar and past

the A's. (Since May 11, Seattle has been 34–31.) Also plaguing his former team was Dave Collins, whose two-run homer brought an 8–7 win over California (page 16). Seldom-used Larry Cox gave the Mariners a lift, too. Cox, primarily a bullpen catcher, had seven hits in 17 at bats for the week.

Getting the utmost from their Stone and Wood pitching combination, the White Sox (3–0) built their lead to three games. Steve Stone (10–7) stopped Boston 3–2 with the aid of Jim Spencer's 14th homer, and Wilbur Wood won his fourth game in a row, beating Toronto 10–3 as Lamar Johnson drove in five runs. Nifty relief work in both games earned Lerrin LaGrow his 16th and 17th saves.

John Mayberry and Al Cowens of second-place Kansas City (3–1) slugged their 15th homers as Paul Splittorff beat Detroit 8–1. After the Tigers rallied for two runs in the 10th inning the next day, Cowens settled matters 5–4 in the 12th with another homer.

Superb pitching enabled Texas (2–1) to take a pair of games in Baltimore. Bert Blyleven struck out 14 Orioles and yielded four hits as he won the first one 5–1. Baltimore's Pat Kelly, who fanned three times, said of Blyleven: "His pitches bit like *Jaws* and had the same effect—fatal." Gaylord Perry struck out nine Orioles and gave up four hits in nine innings the next day before removing himself from a scoreless duel with Jim Palmer. Two innings later Palmer departed, having struck out nine batters. The game's only run was scored in the 13th inning when rookie Bump Wills doubled and came in on Mike Hargrove's single.

Although Rod Carew's average slipped to .386, Larry Hisle and Lyman Bostock kept

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY HISLE: "He's baseball's MVP," said Angel Pitcher Nolan Ryan after the Twin outfielder beat him 3–2 with an RBI bunt single. Hisle also batted .389, hit two homers and raised his league-leading RBI total to 84.

Minnesota (4–1) going. Hisle walloped his 21st and 22nd homers. Bostock, who apologized publicly for critical remarks he had made about Minnesota fans, started a home stand by driving in two runs as Dave Goltz held off California 3–2. In the next two games, Bostock further ingratiated himself to Twins' rooters by slamming home runs.

Answering accusations that he ducked out of the All-Star Game, Vida Blue of Oakland (1–4) said, "I was on medication four days. My arm was inflamed." Against Seattle, Blue went 8⅔ innings and earned his ninth win, 5–3. Despite the 10-for-17 hitting of Mitchell Page, the A's bottomed out

CHI 56–36 KC 53–39 MINN 52–43 TEX 48–44
CAL 43–48 SEA 43–55 OAK 40–53

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ITS STAND WAS LESS THAN GRAND

SIMMONS PLANS TO EMPHASIZE NBC'S OLYMPIC CONNECTION

Two years ago when NBC launched *Grandstand*, its weekend sports program, the show was intended to be a dramatic departure from the patterns of American television. *Grandstand* was supposed to cover the entire spectrum of sports, and in a lively way, for example by shifting from a humdrum game to faster action elsewhere. It was also to include investigative reporting, on-the-spot summations and previews, up-to-the-minute scores and discussions of controversial subjects. Although *Grandstand* sometimes did its job well, it never developed the flexibility of coverage originally promised, and the format sometimes left the announcers looking as if they were groping through a London fog. Still, given a chance to breathe and mature, *Grandstand* might eventually have been a success.

However, time was not on *Grandstand*'s side, and NBC recently announced that the show will go off the air in January. The failure of *Grandstand* is another case of a program that tried to attain quality, ran into problems and was beaten down by poor ratings. But the show's plight has a deeper significance. It is going off the air not only because of its own apparent shortcomings, but also because of the lack of pull—at least on TV—of some of the sports with which it was paired. During the pro football season *Grandstand* did well in the ratings, although certainly not quite as well as its CBS counterpart, *The NFL Today*. But when the football season ended, *Grandstand*'s audience dwindled, a result of the show's frequent dependence upon tennis and golf, which attract limited numbers of viewers. After the Italian Open, *Grandstand* drew only 5% of the sets turned on at the time.

Of the three networks, NBC tends to be the least splashy; it seldom, if ever, can be accused of the hypes that ABC and CBS engage in to peddle Trashsport, with its made-for-TV events such as Superstars. But this winter NBC made headlines when it bought the rights to the Moscow Olympics for $85 million, and in the next few weeks it will make more news with the announcement of plans for a weekend sports show similar to ABC's *Wide World of Sports* and CBS' *Sports Spectacular*, those potpourris that offer mostly taped, edited coverage of events instead of live action. It is difficult to believe that fans and sponsors will come running to another such show, but Chet Simmons, who replaced Carl Lindemann Jr. in March as head of NBC sports, thinks they will. In an attempt to prove it, Simmons will use NBC's money to give big-dollar days to several sports.

Two that will not get the big bucks will be golf and tennis. The only tennis tournament NBC is committed to during 1978 is Wimbledon. "I keep hearing that tennis is going to get itself together and present a united front," says Simmons. "I also keep failing to believe it." The network will also telecast four golf tournaments in '78, but of those only the *Bob Hope Desert Classic* figures to be on NBC the following year.

To replace the country club sports and tap in on the money ABC and CBS have been making during the non-football months, Simmons says that NBC's as yet unnamed replacement for *Grandstand* will "go after things that the others haven't done." Aside from ring-a-lievo and quoits, it is hard to remember any sports, big time or small, indoors or out, that have not been shown on *Wide World* or *Sports Spectacular*. Nonetheless, Simmons says, "There will be no guys going over Niagara Falls or jumping over buses on motorcycles.

"Naturally, some of the events we'll show will be ones that lead up to our Olympic coverage. Track and field, gymnastics, volleyball, things like that. And they'll be shown from all over the world. It's often the case that the Olympics come on and American fans know nothing about foreign competitors." If NBC spends a lot of its money on Olympic sports, that would be good. But two years of taped hypes for the network's telecasts of the Moscow Games would run counter to NBC's tradition of presenting relatively low-key—but generally first-rate—presentations of live sports events. That would not be so good.

Happily, NBC is not planning to abandon live coverage of college basketball and major league baseball, but Simmons casts doubts on the future of even these sports on the tube by damning them with faint praise. "College basketball will help us," Simmons says. "While it didn't do as well as we had hoped last season, we think it can still contribute a great deal. We still have baseball for two more years, and we expect to keep doing it, though in recent years the Saturday afternoon games have dropped in the ratings."

And as those of us who saw promise in the *Grandstand* idea are finding out, ratings remain the name of the game. This means we will see more of the money-making big events. In 1978 pro football will increase its schedule to 16 regular-season games. In 1980 NBC may show as many as 150 hours of the Moscow Games, while ABC is considering telecasting 46½ hours of the Winter Olympics. All of this is just fine. Less valid may be the idea being promoted by television that baseball go to an expanded playoff format. Worst is the networks' unanimous commitment, now that NBC is planning its new show, to sacrifice live coverage of games, in-depth reporting and the like for canned presentations. Surely *Grandstand* could be kept around at least as a Sunday evening show that would wrap up the week's events and give the scores of the real games. END

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Dave Hill and the men professionals may not have liked Hazeltine s slick greens but Hollis loved them

Stacy's not spacy anymore

Former amateur hotshot Hollis Stacy, who lost interest in the game until she made a visit to the Soviet Union, conservatively coasted to victory in the U.S Open

There was a time, four or five years ago, when the new U.S. Women's Open champion was a pudgy, lay-around kind of teen-ager. Golf was something she used to do as a kid. Partying had become her thing. Not golf. Her name was Hollis Stacy, but her friends called her "Spacy."

Last week Hollis Stacy won the 25th Women's Open at the Hazeltine National Golf Club, the same Chaska, Minn. layout that was deemed both unplayable and unprintable back in 1970 when Tony Jacklin topped a blundering field to win the men's Open by seven shots. The 23-year-old Stacy won simply by doing what most of her older associates have never done in the Open: she showed respect for the golf course.

It wasn't until Sunday's final hole—the 72nd of the Open—that Stacy abandoned her conservative game plan, and by that time she could afford to be frivolous. She held a three-stroke lead over her closest challenger, Nancy Lopez, that other girl wonder, who was already in the clubhouse.

And so it was that Stacy, the girl from Savannah, finally did something she hadn't done all week. Hoping for a glorious finish for the folks back home—all nine sisters and brothers, her mother Tillie and her father Jack—to see on television, Stacy tried to make a birdie on the par-4 18th hole. Sure enough, the beastly Hazeltine beat her back, the same way it had routed her rivals in all four rounds, and she closed with a three-putt bogey, only her second of a round that otherwise consisted of pars.

Stacy led from the opening day, finishing with a four-over-par 292, two shots ahead of Lopez and three ahead of defending-champion JoAnne Carner, who alone carried the banner for the women pros you probably have heard of.

It may be true that Stacy came out of nowhere to win her first Open—and only the second tournament in her three-year pro career—but she was no stranger to winning golf. "I was a hotshot as a junior," she says, considerably understating the case. In fact, the USGA still cannot get over her feat of winning three straight U.S. Girls' Junior Championships, at 15, 16 and 17. Hollis, however, forgot all that real fast. "When I was 18, I really got into fiddling around," she says. "I completely lost interest in golf, and I guess all I could think about was going to college, getting married and having babies."

This was the same girl whose mother patiently taught her to "swing to the rhythm of *The Blue Danube* waltz"; the girl who made a pest of herself at the practice tees at the Masters every year while studying classic swingers like Julius Boros and Sam Snead; the girl who ran into the bushes and cried when Snead finally told her to "get lost." This was the diligent little golfer who used to get a big head after winning junior tournaments, until her mother would tell her, "Very nice, Shirley Temple of the Links. Now go clean your room."

By her second year at Rollins College in Winter Park, Fla., Stacy suddenly found herself 30 pounds overweight after trying to subsist mainly on a Budweiser diet. Then she traveled to the Soviet Union and "saw a lot of kids my age not doing what they wanted. They were just numbers. And here I was messin' around." When she returned to the states, she promptly quit school, drove home to Savannah and announced to Tillie and Jack that she was getting back into golf. "They couldn't believe it," she says. "They said, 'What happened to you over there?' "

Stacy joined the pro tour in 1974 and earned exactly $5,071.25, barely enough to make expenses. She made a total of

continued

Lopez (above) finished second in her first tournament as a pro while Stephenson slumped to fourth when she didn't make enough birdies

$49,252 the last two seasons, but this year helped by a victory in the Lady Tara Classic in Atlanta in May, she was 10th on the money list with $34,449 in pre-Open earnings.

Stacy was a model of steadiness at Hazeltine, working carefully for rounds of 70, 73, 75 and 74. She had vacationed the week before—"just laying back" around the pool at Sandra Palmer's condominium in Boca Raton, drinking Lite beer now and trying to calm her sometimes manic mental game with the help of Peter Kostis, her teacher. Stacy's only trouble came on Saturday, when she blew a two-stroke lead over Lopez with bogeys on two of the first four holes. Then the skies opened, stopping play for 3½ hours. Hollis found a spot to lie down in the locker room and cooled her head, telling herself, "Just play the course, Hollis, just play the course." After the rain she cruised around the rest of the course in one over to take a one-stroke lead over Jan Stephenson—and two over Lopez—into Sunday's final round.

"Everybody is waiting for Hollis to collapse, right?" she said. "Well, I'm loose. I'm swinging the club well. It's not me who's all quiet out there on the practice tee. Usually everyone's joking around. Now it's so quiet. These people must think it's the Open."

The last time Hazeltine had hosted an Open, Dave Hill and friends from the men's tour turned the championship into a laugh-in with their jokes about cow pastures and doglegs. Many of the women pros spent the early rounds of the Open cracking one-liners about Hazeltine, too.

The course's 6,313 yards of twisting, rolling fairways were not only longer and narrower than the setups the women negotiate each week on their LPGA tour; the doglegs were sharper and the greens more heavily bunkered. In sum, the course was a challenge, not one of their pitch-and-putt layouts from short tees.

"The second hole is a broken leg," complained one pro. "The 16th is the world's only dogleg par-3," mumbled another. "Nicklaus can make birdie on 17, and so could I if I could hit a 160-yard nine-iron," groused a third. Even Judy Rankin, the LPGA's second-leading money winner with $90,248 this year, criticized the conditions. "There are a couple of places where if this course were a highway, you might have a wreck," she said. And, when only two players broke par during the first three rounds, there was that annual Open lament, "When the men shoot high scores, everybody thinks the course is tough. When we do it, we're inferior."

Having expected such sentiments, the USGA stood mute—at which it is well practiced. However, if any official had decided to take the radical step of removing his striped tie and loosening his starched white collar, he might have said to the next protester, "Shut up and play." As it was, the USGA's Frank Hannigan said of the women pros, "They think low scores in the agate type on Monday morning is most important. I happen to think that the best thing that can happen to them is for Laura Baugh to win in a halter, even if she shoots 300."

Laura Baugh, of course, did not win, but even Hannigan probably would admit that what developed at Hazeltine was the next best thing. While the starchier veterans such as Kathy Whitworth, Sandra Palmer, Donna Caponi Young and Rankin (who was 12 strokes behind Stacy after three rounds and said, "I'm so frustrated I could eat a tree") got the early tee times on Sunday, the fresh faces of Stacy, Lopez and Stephenson lit up the dreary day and poured color into female golfdom's pallid complexion.

Particularly Lopez, the 20-year-old, dark-eyed beauty who began captivating the Hazeltine crowds on Thursday when she made the turn in her very first professional round at two-under-par 34 and then finished with a one-over 73. For those who were not sure if she was for real—a lady golfer who stops to talk with the gallery between holes, kisses her putter, her ball and her daddy before each round, goes hell bent for every pin, and smiles, no, glows all the time—Nancy followed with a 72 on Friday and a 75 on Saturday.

Born of Mexican-American parents, Lopez grew up in Roswell, N. Mex. She twice won the U.S. Girls' Junior Championship, and as an 18-year-old amateur was co-runner-up to Sandra Palmer in the 1975 Open. Nancy dropped out of college last month, turned professional and joined Mark McCormack's stable of players. Her deal with McCormack for endorsements and exhibitions is reportedly worth at least $50,000 this year, provided she earns her LPGA player card in this week's qualifying school in Perrysburgh, Ohio.

The one doing the least talking and the most practicing at Hazeltine was the 25-year-old Stephenson, the tour's resident sex goddess. She was practicing because "I want everyone to know that I want to be the best, not just the prettiest. A famous writer wrote last year that Jan Stephenson is probably not going to rewrite any LPGA records, and I want him to eat those words. I really don't mind being a sex symbol at all, but I spend much more time on the practice tee than in front of the mirror."

She did not spend much time talking because she was followed by her personal man Friday, a 34-year-old ad guy from Columbus, Ohio named Jim Sims, who was never more than a long, slender, bronzed arm's length away. He came on like a cross between Charles Colson and your favorite used-car salesman possessed of a surefire, red-hot item. "I tell everybody the only difference between Jan and Farrah Fawcett-Majors is that Jan is built better," he said. "She's going to be the biggest star there is."

Fortunately, Jan played some splendid golf. When rain and lightning interrupted play on Saturday, she was three over par for the tournament and two shots behind Stacy and Lopez. While the others waited in the crowded and steamy clubhouse, Stephenson—and Sims, of course—stole over to the house where Jan was staying, right next to the course, and she practiced putting for an hour on the carpet. When play ultimately resumed, Stephenson matched par for the round and closed to within one shot of Stacy.

Perhaps the player Stacy feared most on Sunday was Carner, the long hitter who had already won two Opens. "I just turned an 82 into a 76," Carner said after Saturday's round. Then, looking at the leader board, she noticed she was only four shots back of Stacy. "Hey, I'm not far off. You know, nobody's put any pressure on Hollis yet."

On Sunday Carner and Stephenson both faded early, but Lopez, remarkably cool in the humid 90° heat, tied Stacy for the lead with birdies on the 2nd and 6th holes. Now the pressure was on Stacy. "I felt like a mailman trying to shake a bulldog from my pant leg," Hollis said. Playing smartly and avoiding Hazeltine's disaster spots, Stacy made only one bogey over the first 12 holes. Then, walking up the 13th fairway, she noticed that Lopez had double-bogeyed, going from three over to five over on the leader board. "That was it," said Hollis, who was still at three over par. "I knew I had it won."

When Stacy finished her ordeal she called home and was told that her mother, too nervous to watch the final holes on television, had gone out to pace the Savannah Golf Club course—alone. Then Hollis accepted the USGA's gold medal and the winner's check for $11,000. "I don't know what golf course Dave Hill was playing when he was here in 1970," she said, "but I just played a nice course." END

Hide-and-seek in New Mexico

The old bring-'em-back-alive idea worked for a little while, but after a forest fire swept through Bandelier National Monument, the small band of wild burros was suddenly caught in a much more deadly game

Bandelier National Monument is a 40,000-acre complex of wild canyons, cave dwellings and ponderosa forest located some 40 miles west of Santa Fe. This spring officials decided that 140 wild burros, a non-native species, were too many for Bandelier to support and that it would be necessary to reduce the numbers. They began by inviting anyone who wanted a burro to come in and take one, free of charge. You could rope your burro, tranquilize it, trap it; use any means, so long as you did not injure it. You had to take it out alive.

Ron Tiley was one of 17 hunters who got permits and headed by horse into the wilderness. He is a lean, tenacious individual who works for the telephone company in Albuquerque and spends weekends and vacations riding mountain trails or hunting elk and antelope. "We didn't know what we were looking for," he says. "Those donkeys—they use that brush so well. They know just how high an opening they can get through that a horse can't get through. They are smart. They will just stand behind a tree, and you can't see them. They will go over a hill, and when you ride over the hill you can't find them."

All burro enthusiasts know the stories about burros. They find water in the desert, digging down four feet if necessary. They pull over a clump of brush and reveal gold to some starving prospector. They are credited with unearthly sturdiness, like the one laden with sacks of flour which fell 200 feet over a cliff near Ouray, Colo. and came up uninjured, the flour acting like an air bag in an automobile collision. Burros live to be 40 or 50 years old, one story being that they never die but merely turn into Methodist preachers. But of all their remarkable accomplishments, none has exceeded the frustration that wild burros have caused the Federal Government. There are 2,600 of them in the Grand Canyon and 1,600 in Death Valley, and they have generated so many studies, seminars, public meetings, reports and assessments that each of them deserves a rating in a list of most-wanted public enemies.

Until a few months ago the burros of Bandelier scarcely rated a mention, since their numbers were relatively small. But after producing an 85-page Environmental Assessment study, a 58-page Burro Management Program Assessment and a 27-page Review of Alternatives, the authorities at Bandelier felt it was necessary to open a 30-day live-capture program. They extended it for another 30 days and would have kept it open all this summer, but a forest fire starting on June 16 swept more than 10,000 of Bandelier's acres. One might think devastation on that scale would completely overshadow the damage done by a few burros. But no. The fire had destroyed the summer range of deer and elk, and now their winter range lower on the mesas was being consumed by the hardier, greedier burros. And so the real burro roundup began.

With the possible exception of poachers who supply donkey meat to Western roadside restaurants, where it is often served to tourists as venison, nobody likes to shoot a burro. But, unfortunately for the burros, their ancestors were not born here. They are an introduced species, and the Parks Service is charged with preserving the natural environment of each park area. Historical records show that burros have been around North America at least since 1598, but that makes no difference: they were not here before Columbus and have no right to be here now. In the national parks, "feral animals must be eliminated in order to preserve the natural environment," as the *National Parks & Conservation Magazine* puts it. "Removal should be conducted in the most humane manner possible . . . shooting should be used only if other methods cannot succeed . . ."

Compared to the burros of Grand Canyon or Death Valley, those in Bandelier were hardly troublemakers. The Monument sits on a shelf some 40 miles long, 6,000 to 9,000 feet above sea level, dissected by deep, timbered canyons. On the lower levels the mesas are dry and grassy, spotted with thick clumps of piñon and juniper. The land looks like something that has been peeled off and left out in the sun to bake. At the higher levels there are magnificent stands of widely separated ponderosa pines, and in both areas there are hundreds of unexcavated ruins. More than 65 miles of trails run through the backcountry, mostly used by backpackers. Wild burros were first spotted in the late 1930s, a herd of 19. Sixty-four of them were shot in 1946. In 1975, when the total herd was estimated at 130 animals, 52 were killed.

When Ron Tiley set out on his burro hunt, he admits, "We didn't know what to use. I thought we could ride right up to the burros. But they just vanished." After a frustrating weekend he rallied more help and came back, finally spotting two donkeys, a mother and a little one. "My horse is a 7-year-old registered Appaloosa, and we rope steers twice a week for exercise," Tiley says. "So I didn't have to do anything; my horse was doing everything. The little donkey would go into the brush through a hole you couldn't see, and my horse would go right in there after it. It would go into some place that was too small, and my horse would hit it anyway. It was a job staying on that horse. After eight or nine minutes the donkey broke into the open. I got a rope around its neck. My horse was completely tired—really tuckered out. I thought I'd ease off my horse and put the rope around a tree. I thought, 'We're in for one heck of a rodeo.' But

that little thing just stood there. It quit. I led it all the way back."

Tiley's daughter named his prize Jenny. The burro turned out to be six months old, 150 pounds, in superb condition. Tubed for worms and taken to the vet for shots, clipped for mites and ticks, Jenny was a pet within a day, though she had to have a separate corral because the horses picked on her. Now the daughter of a friend wanted a burro, so Tiley led another party up to the backcountry the following weekend, this time almost a cavalry squad including wives and children. There was much chasing of burros, but no catches.

A hunter named Eduardo Martinez led a party of six from the Spanish-American farming town of Medanales and came back with three burros, including two pregnant jennies. Henry McKenzie, who trains roping horses in Santa Fe, led a party of three boys and captured four more burros. "At least the Parks Service didn't have to shoot them," he says.

Adding up the number of hunters and the time they spent, officials calculated that it took 300 man-hours to capture each wild burro, which was considered economically unsound, since a tame burro sells for $50 to $150. Still, the authorities provided guidance and assistance and encouraged hunters like Tiley, who planned to come back with a more experienced party over the Fourth of July holiday. But on the afternoon of June 16, a patrol ranger called Monument headquarters, reporting, "We have a smoke." The fire was north and west of Rabbit Hill in national forest land, just outside the Monument. By 10 o'clock on the morning of June 17 the fire was spreading over the northwestern corner of the Monument. In all, some 10,230 acres of Monument forest were devastated, plus 2,400 acres of Forest Service land and 2,600 acres near Los Alamos.

In the aftermath of the fire there could be no further talk of reducing the burro herd by live capture, and on June 29 marksmen were dropped by helicopter. They shot 37 on their first day. By the second day the burros had begun to take evasive measures, probably moving into the unburned portions of the national forest, and only 19 were shot. By the third day they had almost disappeared; the helicopters flying back and forth were spotting few burros, and only 10 were killed, bringing the total to 66.

"We had to do it," says Milford Fletcher, a former college professor who is now a biologist with the National Parks Service. "And we are morally and legally right. I went with the crew: I didn't think I should order anybody to do anything I wouldn't do myself." When you look at the studies and photographs that the Parks Service has prepared on the damage to the range done by wild burros, there is no question about it—burros do a lot of harm to the ecosystem. But when you look at the acres of burnt-over desolation, you can't help but wonder about the damage done by man. **END**

Destructive accidents and drivers flying across the finish line ahead of their wild and unpredictable craft are as much a part of drag boat racing as rooster tails

No flinching allowed

All the immortals of drag boat racing are dead man *extremely* dead Funny how they never call a guy an immortal until after he's you know, had his lights put out O.K., not funny Sad, man, very sad But isn't that the way of all sports? Cooperstown and Canton and Springfield—ghosts on index cards filed and set aside The thing is when you go to the drag boat races you never know whether—or when—somebody is going to immortalize himself before your very eyes Drag boat racing is the sport of the hereafter that is here and now Biers on tap

The idea of drag racing in powerboats—two boats head to head over a straight quarter-mile course—got its first real test in 1956 on Lake Ming a shiny tonsure of water in the foothills of the Sierras near Bakersfield, Calif Since then 19 drivers have died on Lake Ming, dozens more on other watery venues across the country Because of the sport's seeming insouciance about death it quite naturally exerts a tidal pull on spectators with a high tolerance for beer and beer noise beer and an occasional fatality Madame Defarge knitted nowadays fun seekers can go to drag boat races

At a drag boat gathering watching the races is oftentimes a concession to a lack of ingenuity, so varied and intense is the action ashore Like baseball drag boat racing may be defined by its interludes of inactivity the races themselves are but a brief noisy punctuation to the afternoon's indolence

There are 10 different classes of boats a caste system determined by the type of hull configuration, the power of the engine and the kind of fuel used The fastest of these boats, the blown (supercharged) fuel hydros, are capable of speeds in excess of 200 mph at the end of a quarter mile Unlike their landlubbing dragster counterparts drag boats cannot execute a standing start but must idle up to the starting lights So powerful is the torque created by the propeller that a standing start would cause the hulls to rise straight up out of the water and flip over

There are many similarities between drag boating and drag racing but the resemblance does not include prize money Four-wheeled drag racing has become a fairly profitable enterprise for its drivers through the accumulation of lucrative sponsorships, but drag boating has few sponsors and one of the most niggardly prize structures in all of sport Teams that have as much as $50,000 tied up in equipment think nothing of spending a weekend racing for a purse of less than $1,000 "It's a hobby for people with a lot of money to spend," says driver Dennis (Godfather) Pollaccia Pollaccia, a Southern Californian who competes in the blown-fuel hydro division claims to be one of the few who make a living from piloting drag boats

Many of the drivers have little more to recommend them for the task of handling a 2,000-hp boat than an abundance of nerve Often they sit on the shoreline and wait to be asked to drive The results can be harrowing Even for an experienced driver like Pollaccia some kind of disaster seems almost inevitable In 1974 he crashed a blown-fuel hydro and went flying over the bow while the boat disintegrated beneath him "I went through the timing lights at 170 miles an hour Pollaccia recalls Me The boat was going 190

Gary Gabelich who holds the world land-speed record of 631.367 mph, was the first man to surpass 200 mph in a drag boat He did it in 1969, nine other drivers have gone 200 since Gabelich *Boat News* the sport's biweekly bible recently celebrated these 10 in a photo gallery Significantly two of the pictures for the feature were taken moments before the boats crashed One of the drivers the immortal Mac Christensen, was killed in an accident three years ago

It takes so very little to get a drag boat airborne that it is surprising it doesn't happen more often A small wave will do it Once the hull goes up the only way back down is in little pieces "At 205 miles an hour," says hull builder Ralph DiMarco "water has the density of concrete It's like trying to run your boat down the driveway"

The most treacherous of these boats is the blown-fuel flatbottom which combines a potent nitromethane-burning engine with a flat hull Unlike the hydro hulls, which allow air to escape from beneath them flatbottoms "pack" air under

their hulls. That is, a bubble of air builds under the boat, raising the front half of the hull out of the water. Sometimes, at 160 mph or more, the bubble bursts. This is known in drag boating parlance as a "destructive accident." You bet it is. Veteran flatbottom driver Al Bush had three destructive accidents in one year. He has weighed this evidence, considered the danger and decided to ignore it. "We're going too fast in these flatbottoms," Bush says, strapping himself into his boat. "Way too fast."

Equally dangerous in its own way is the jet drag boat, which is powered by a stream of water instead of a propeller. The water intake scoop is near the middle of the hull, so that when the bow rises too far out of the water the scoop begins sucking wind and the boat loses power. When that happens, the ability of its driver to steer it also vanishes. Last May a jet-powered drag boat, driven by Houston Oiler Quarterback Dan Pastorini, lost power and went careening out of control on Lake Mizzel in Liberty, Texas. As spectators on the shoreline watched, the boat veered toward land and ripped through the crowd. A 13-year-old girl was killed and six other persons were injured. Pastorini, who was unhurt, has quit his drag boat career.

When boat and driver make it from start to finish in one piece, it is a breath-taking sight to behold. A blown-fuel hydro covers the quarter mile in about seven seconds and generates such fearsome power that the water from its rooster tail often reaches the height of a four-story building. The spray at the starting line just beginning to melt back into the lake as the boat flashes across the finish.

"Everything happens so suddenly," says Mike Stevens, the driver of a blown-fuel hydro called *Blood, Sweat & Nitro*. "Sometimes I'll be sitting in the boat when everything has calmed down after the race and realize that I'm holding my breath. I actually have to remind myself to breathe."

One time Stevens' head was snapped straight back by the wind at 190 mph and began bobbing around so that he looked like one of those spring-necked dolls that people put in the back window of their cars. Stevens somehow managed to finish the race without killing himself but he didn't regain control of his head until he had shut off his engine. Another time he saw a small fish jump out of the water about 100 yards in front of him, and was on the fish before it was back in the water. "That's why I wear a face mask now," Stevens says. "At 190 miles an hour a drop of water could penetrate your face. I could see the water from the fish coming at me, but I didn't have time to flinch."

That is the kind of stuff that many drag boat racing fans like to hear: water penetrating someone's face, a man's head flopping around like laundry in the breeze. Like the sport's daredevil drivers, drag boating fans, it would seem, haven't flinched yet. **END**

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1 DURING 1976 VICEROY KINGS HAD BY WEIGHT 22-35 MGS MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE)

2 VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW TAR TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN TAR (VICEROY 16 MGS TAR WINSTON 19 MGS TAR MARLBORO 18 MGS 'TAR' AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE FTC REPORT DECEMBER 1976)

Pursuing Papa's Marlin

It's hardly the same Cuba, but at a fishing tournament in his honor, Ernest Hemingway's spirit lives on

by Robert F. Jones

El Torreon de Cojimar is an ancient Spanish fortress that guards a harbor mouth not very far east of Havana. On a recent May morning, a platoon of Cuban troops—grim and trim in their green fatigues, pistols heavy at their hips—gathered on the fortress tower and stared seaward. Out beyond the surf line, an armada of small boats circled and bounced on the steep seas at the Gulf Stream's edge. Suddenly a rocket whooshed out from the tower, snaking fast and smoky toward the boats. The shell burst over them dirty white, and a roar went up from the crowd of eager civilians lining the seawall. Then another rocket—this one exploding closer to the boats, as if it were probing for range, mast-high in the midst of the flotilla. . .

¿*Qué pasa, hombre*?

The Bay of Pigs (Part III)?

No way. The rocket bursts were merely a signal that the 15th annual Hemingway Billfish Tournament had begun.

This *Torneo de la Aguja* (Hemingway), to give it its proper Spanish appellation, is the first of Cuba's four annual fishing competitions and, in terms of prestige, the foremost. At the signal, 57 boats ranging in size from hulking cabin cruisers to 16-foot fishing smacks scattered into the Gulf Stream, braving the 12-foot waves of a nor'easter. The angling *continued*

Uniformed regional champions pass the fortress at Cojimar on their way to the boats. Billfish are the goal, but a barracuda (inset) counts

teams on board were, by definition, the best sport fishermen in Cuba. Each member had won the right to compete in the Hemingway by winning a provincial fishing championship. The anglers' occupations were as diverse as their vessels—from high-ranking military officers and government officials to cane-cutting *macheteros*. The 1976 winner, Martin Santana, a short, slim, very serious fisherman from Las Villas in the Cuban interior, is a ticket-taker at a movie theater when he is not out in boats.

The tournament has its roots in a prerevolutionary contest inaugurated by Ernest Hemingway himself. In 1960, shortly before he left the island for good, Hemingway watched Fidel Castro win the contest with three marlin. "One or another of us kept our big old U.S. Navy binoculars on Fidel's boat," Hemingway's wife Mary writes in her memoir *How It Was*, "and watched him hook and bring to the gaff two marlin. He was no deep-sea fisherman, as far as we knew, but he followed precisely the big-game fishing rules, hooking the fish and playing them, and his boatman made no attempt to gaff before he could grasp the leader, rather than the line. The second day he caught another marlin, and the combined weight of his fish earned him Ernest's silver trophy."

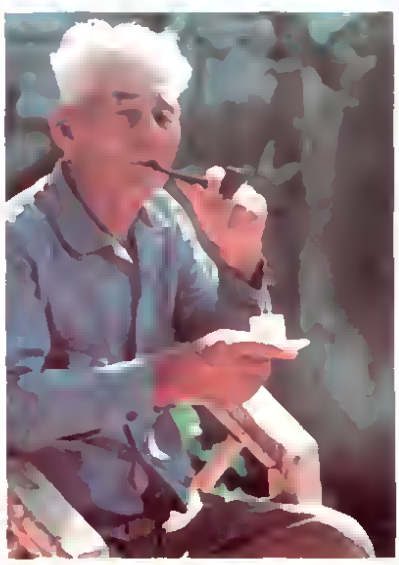
Still, fishing under a Communist aegis is not quite the same as it was when Hemingway was in his prime, conning his black-hulled *Pilar* past Morro Castle and out "on the blue water." As Mary put it, "Something syharitic in the air, of men of means frolicking with their expensive playthings, was missing." So the Hemingways departed from Cuba, he rushing toward a grave in Ketchum, Idaho, and she toward her heavy duties as Hemingway's literary executrix. Their comfortable estate at San Francisco de Paula was donated to the Cuban people and is now a museum.

It is ironic, perhaps, that today Ernest Hemingway—a man who steadfastly refused to get rabid about any political cause ("If you have a message, go to Western Union")—is something of a demigod in Communist Cuba. Nowhere more so than in Cojimar, the tiny fishing village seven miles east of Havana that served as the locale for *The Old Man and the Sea*. Just back of the seawall, under the square stone tower of the fortress, stands a monument. The plaque expresses the gratitude of the people of Cojimar to the *inmortal autor* of *El Viejo y El Mar*. Above it stands a bronze bust of Papa, chin up, grinning the old victorious grin to seaward. The style of the sculpture is a bit too "socially realistic," and Hemingway bears more than a slight resemblance to Lenin. But the gesture is sincere, deep-felt, from the heart ... from the people.

Hemingway's ghost pervades the Cojimar scene, but it is a jolly, big-handed ghost. In the early morning, with the sun just pinking the eastern horizon, you can still see the marlin fishermen putting out into the Stream. Few of them row their skiffs anymore (the ubiquitous outboard is present even in Cuba), but the sea is the same—the long combers crashing on the rocks of the harbor mouth, the smell of sea grapes and sweet, thick Cuban coffee filling the dockside plaza. *La Terrasse*, the little café across the plaza from the wharf, is still in business. Roosters crow on the hilltop where the fictional Santiago lived, and if luck is with you, you might bump into Gregorio Fuentes. Gregorio was for many years Hemingway's mate aboard the *Pilar*. Now 79, Gregorio is still fit, tight-muscled, with only the seams of his face and the hard, lined hands indicating his true age. Hemingway would be relieved to know that this man, whose competence and later, loyalty, he revered, is now the majordomo of the fishing tournament that bears his name.

This year's tournament, though, was a bit of a letdown. A three-day blow from the northeast was only just warming up when the contest began at 10 a.m. of a windy Friday morning. May is not the best month for marlin fishing on the north coast of Cuba—most of the fish present that early in the year are *agujas*

Pepe Milere shares Hemingway's love of El Gran Rio Azul, but the Tattooed Indian is more a creature of the crowd. Overseeing it all is Gregorio Fuentes, Ernest's mate on the Pilar



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

A bust of Hemingway stares perpetually seaward in Cojimar

blancas (white marlin) that rarely exceed 50 pounds. Tournament rules specify that line up to 22 kilograms test (48.5 pounds) may be used, so the contest can tend to be unequal. Occasionally, though, an angler may hook up with a *castero* (blue marlin) in the 200-pound-plus category, and that can be a bit of a giggle. The tournament record for blues was set in 1964, the contest's second year under government sponsorship, by a Cubana airlines pilot, René Bustamante. His *castero* weighed 228 pounds.

The really big blue marlin, the thousand-pounders like those the Old Man caught, do not begin to show until the late summer and fall. Commercial long liners, drifting baits as deep as 900 feet down, hook, fight and boat such fish with regularity, but to take one on the surface from a sport-fishing boat is still as much of a rarity as it was when Hemingway was fishing for them.

Trolling strip baits and halfbeaks from four rods, we worked our way down the coast toward the east. The tackle was largely American—old but well-maintained Penn reels, linen 16-thread line with no spots of rot, heavy boat rods of U.S. manufacture. Just as the automobile traffic in smoky downtown Havana consists mainly of ancient Chevrolets, so too does the fishing gear generate flashes of 1950s *déjà vu*. Our boat, though, was something else again. The *Orca* is a 77-foot Chris Craft, operated by the National Directorate of Nautical Maintenance in Tourism (INTUR) and captained by the director of that organization, a sprightly, insouciant young Cuban named Rodolfo Gil Diaz de Villegas (Gil for short).

"*Orca* came to us last year," Gil said as he quartered the heavy swells. "A gift from the sea. She was then out of Miami and came running in, straight toward Varadero Beach, to the east of us. Our planes buzzed her, our gunboats circled her. There was no one on board. She was running on automatic pilot. So we went on board and found eight tons of marijuana stowed below deck."

Papers in the cabin indicated that the boat had set out from the Yucatan Peninsula, headed for Miami. There were no bullet holes or blood in the scuppers to suggest piracy (a common practice in this era of big-buck dope smuggling), so in all likelihood the grass runners abandoned ship early in the cruise, trusting the automatic pilot to carry their cargo within reach of smaller boats in Florida waters. They had reckoned without the powerful influence of the Gulf Stream. The marijuana was destroyed, and Cuba added another boat to its fleet.

On the *Orca*'s spacious fantail another Cuban was explaining the mysteries of the Gulf Stream to his *norteamericano* guest. José Foez Milera, age 46, is one of Cuba's top oceanographers, a specialist in conchology (the study of shellfish) and at heart a poet. Gabriel García Marquez (*One Hundred Years of Solitude, The Last Days of the Patriarch*) is a close friend. Milera's friends call him Pepe.

"Look now, Robert," he said. "We are at the edge of it. *El Gran Río Azul* [the Great Blue River], as Hemingway called it." And there it was, the Gulf Stream, its waters a deep, almost electric indigo, built of prisms it seems, the edge of the countercurrent sharply defined against it. The countercurrent, which itself is generated by the strong eastward flow of the Stream, is a murky green, and on it rides the flotsam of the Cuban interior: bits of shattered lumber, a wooden crate with Cyrillic lettering stenciled on its slats, branches of tropical trees, a dead and tendrilous chicken, all debouched from the rivers of Cuba into the small counterriver and then, with time, into the ocean's Great Blue River itself.

"This is where the great fish wait to feed," continued Pepe. "Here at the edge of the river, where the whirlpools of current and countercurrent swirl and the small baitfish take the shade under the basura—the garbage. Larger fish feed on the baitfish, and the big *agujas*, the billfish as you call them, feed on the feeders. Hemingway once wrote that when his friends from the north came telling him enthusiastic tales of the wonderful salmon river they had just discovered, or of the trout stream that ran through their backyard, he would smile and nod, content with the knowledge that the greatest fishing stream in the world flowed just half an hour from his home. This is it."

But the Stream was flowing sluggishly this day, pounded into partial submission by the northeast wind that blew steadily at some 30 knots. Two barracuda—quickly rendered into fresh strip baits—were all that bent the rods. Lunchtime came, sandwiches of piquant cheese, hard sausage and *pan molde* (a square-baked bread that unfortunately tasted like sawdust) and bottles of Cuban beer, no longer labeled but still as tasty as ever it was before the revolution. "This is Tropical," Gil explained. "Hemingway preferred Hatuey, which is brewed in Oriente province. All of our beers are good."

As a special treat, the guests were served glasses of *mojita*, a cocktail of Havana Club rum (formerly Bacardi) and lime juice, with a sprig of fresh mint on top. "*Yerba buena*," said Pepe, holding up a mint sprig. "The good herb. Hemingway believed that it possessed luck. He would brush it on the rod and reel to bring the big fish." Pepe demonstrated the technique. It might have worked for Papa, but it didn't for us. As the day wore along, the sky clouded over completely and intermittent rips of warm rain lashed the sea. Up on the flying bridge, Gil pointed out a small red boat off our port bow. An angler in the stern sheets was fighting a fish, and we moved closer.

"The boat is a Piraña hull, built here

continued

It has been 17 years since the Pilar last took aboard its owner, and now the black hull is fading, but inside Hemingway's Lookout Farm, a museum today, activity seems to have stopped minutes ago.

in Havana," he said. "A 27-footer, fiber glass, powered by a Volvo Penta engine. We're gearing up now to build 33-footers." The boat, whose name was *Guamá*, looked trim and seaworthy, with the afterdeck clean and unobstructed for fishing. Just then the fish leaped far astern, but even at that range it was clearly a big one.

"*Castero!*" yelled Pepe. "Robert, it is a good fish, this one. Two hundred *livras* or more."

We watched the angler make his fight, standing up in the bouncing boat, legs spread wide as he pumped and reeled, pumped and reeled. The marlin continued to leap—long, head-shaking, greyhound jumps, a dozen of them, then 20, 25, and we stopped counting. The fish sounded, and you could see that the fisherman on the *Guamá* was grateful to let him take line. It gave the man a chance for a breather. One hour and 44 minutes after the hookup, the big marlin came to the gaff. A ragged chorus of *olés* rang out from both vessels. The fisherman, a broad-shouldered, barrel-chested engineer named Jesus Gonzalez Arazo, embraced the marlin and lifted it for us to see. He was all marlin blood and smiles.

"That may be the new record," said Pepe, eyes round with awe. "Robert, that fish weighs close to 250 pounds." As it turned out, Pepe was off by only two pounds. The blue marlin weighed in at 248, a new tournament record.

Gonzalez Arazo and his teammates collected 1,230 points for the fish and took an early, seemingly unbeatable lead in the tournament for *Equipo ESTE—Empresa de Servicio a Técnicos Extranjeros* (the foreign press office).

After trolling fruitlessly eight miles east from Cojímar as far as the village of Tarará, with its long yellow beaches and the *Campamento Nacional de Pioneros José Martí* (a kind of Cuban Boy Scout camp), Gil turned the *Orca* back. Around us the small fishing boats pitched and rolled in the still-rising seas, sometimes disappearing entirely, outriggers and all, under the bulge of house-high waves. "Like the Viking longships," said Pepe with admiration. The conversation on the fantail now turned to the literature of the sea. Pepe recited the opening paragraphs of *The Old Man and the Sea* in Spanish and then did the same with the opening passages of *Moby Dick*, which sounded even more Biblical in a Latin-based tongue—"Call me Ishmael.... Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This my substitute for pistol and ball."

He stopped, his voice thickening, a suspicious wateriness about his eyes.

"Robert," he said, "that is the greatest story of the sea ever written, *en todo de mundo*." We talked on of Conrad, especially of *Nostromo*, and of Peter Matthiessen's *Far Tortuga*.

"I have written some poems," Pepe said finally. "*The Dreams of a Fisherman*." He recited a few in Spanish, their rolling cadences becoming harsh sea winds in the back of his throat—and again his eyes filled with tears. "Pardon me," he said, "but one cannot spend

continued

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much time on the sea without becoming a poet."

"*Por nada.*" I told him and turned the other way.

By now the wind had freshened so that Gil could not bring the *Orca* safely back into the narrow mouth of Cojimar harbor. Most of the other boats were in already. We headed for Havana, passing the high-rise, somewhat shabby apartments of Habana del Este, a housing development for workers erected by the Castro regime shortly after the success of the revolution. On a reef just offshore lay the rusting hulk of a freighter—Polish registry, Gil thought—that had run aground during a norther the previous winter. "Now we will cut her up for the steel plates," he said. She looked like a huge red whale up there on the rocks. There is nothing so helpless, useless, as a ship gone aground.

Turning the point of Morro Castle, we opened up the roadstead—long lines of freighters and tankers, Russian and Polish and East German, lying to the hook under the lee of the Casablanca peninsula. As the wind dropped, a nauseating reek of oil filled the boat. You could see it shining like a moribund rainbow all up and down the harbor. The eastern walls of the Malecón—Havana's ancient, once lovely shoreside promenade—were coated with oil as thick as tar. The screws of the *Orca's* twin 295-hp engines churned up great swirls of settled petroleum, dark as drying blood. Pepe shook his head sadly.

"Havana harbor is a lake of oil on top of a pool of water," he said.

All through the night the wind howled strong and steady from the northeast. From the 16th floor of the Havana Libre Hotel (formerly the Havana Hilton) one could see whitecaps rolling on the Stream at first light. When we rendezvoused with Gil and the *Orca* at the mouth of the Rio Almendares on a slip just behind the Restaurant 1830, one of Havana's finest, it looked unlikely that the tournament boats would be able to fish on this Saturday. We ran on down to Cojimar, past the sunlit stucco facades of Havana Vieja, the old town back of the Malecón, the buildings glowing pale pink and blue in the morning sun. A few were trimmed in lines of strong color—reds, hard blues, yellows, oranges. "That is the art psychedelic," explained Pepe, who had joined us for another day's fishing, absolved from his duties on the tournament's technical committee. "It is very important for the workers to live in buildings that look beautiful. In Cuba we have only work and study and sport. The art psychedelic allows one to relax." I thought of my hippie friends in the communes of New Mexico and California and just how relaxed they were in the presence of the art psychedelic. Blown away. Wiped out. Wow!

At Cojimar we learned that the tournament had been canceled for the day because of the high winds and heavy weather, but in the big *Orca* we were able to fish, anyway. Again the *yerba buena* failed to do its stuff. We cruised on up to the camp of the *Pioneros*, yanking only a single barracuda off the reef. Yesterday's catch for the tournament boats had included a few dolphin—*dorados* in Spanish—and we trolled past pieces of flotsam, hoping to entice one of the brilliantly colored fish out to the strip baits and feathers. Nothing. The sea appeared empty of fish, and we found ourselves wondering about the Soviet trawlers and mother ships we had seen anchored in the oily harbor. The Russians fish hard and thoroughly. The barren reefs and fishless blue water stood testimony to their assiduity. We lunched, though, on excellent Russian sardines and the hearty, unlabeled Cuban beer that used to be called Tropical.

Pepe pointed out the new workers' city of Alamar, with Soviet cranes beetling over the glass-and-steel slabs against a cloud-blown sky and the feathery casuarina trees of the *Pioneros* camp, under which children played in the sand or splashed in the crashing surf. We talked some more of literature—Poe and Tennessee Williams and Carson McCullers. The big blue-black sea rolled its white horses around us, lit at times to cobalt by the breaking sun. Shoals of flying fish popped from the wavetops and skimmed through the scud. Man-o'-war birds circled low over the seas. A solitary black ibis winged in to shore. But there were no fish, not for us, not that day.

That night the wind abated.

In the morning, when we arrived at the *Orca* on the Rio Almendares, there were new faces on the fantail. The two men did not introduce themselves, but both studied us closely and with good

humor. The first was a man of middle height, about 50 years old, clean-shaven, with a deep white scar on his upper lip He spoke excellent English The other, shorter, with a broad placid face and wide-set sleepy eyes, spoke only Spanish, and that in a strong *campesino* accent These two were fishing that day in one of the new Piraña boats and invited us to take a quick look at the shipyard where they were constructed, just a couple of hundred yards up the river

The shipyard, cool and cluttered like all shipyards everywhere, smelled of glue and river rot Its workers looked quick and competent They treated the scar-faced man and his companion with a respect that bordered on reverence We still did not know his name, and later when he revealed it he did so only on a promise of secrecy His name is familiar to anyone who has studied the origins of the Cuban revolution, particularly as it applied to urban guerrilla warfare

Trolling back toward Cojimar for the start of the day's competition, we saw the scar-faced man in the Piraña hook and boat a 60-pound sailfish on light tackle, taking the fish standing up, handling the rod and reel with cool authority By now he had taken off his shirt, and more scars could be seen on his back and chest, long straight slashes that matched the one on his upper lip After boating the sailfish and coming alongside, he invited me to come aboard with him

"Where did you get the scars?"

"Batista," he said He smiled

This was a day for ideology and reminiscence As we trolled back toward Tarará, for what seemed the umpteenth time, we talked of Cuba's future, of the role it was playing in black Africa and of the possible renewal of diplomatic and trade relations between Cuba and the United States There was no cant in the conversation of the two Cubans, none of the propagandizing endemic to the Communists of Eastern Europe Both men were realists, recognizing their young government's weaknesses as well as its strengths The talk veered back to those early days of the 1950s in the Sierra Maestra, and I told them of how confused so many Americans—including Ernest Hemingway—had been at the sudden spoiling of the long, warm Cuban-American friendship Of how many young Americans in those days wanted to join Fidel in the hills, and did. Of the cult that had grown around Che Guevara in the United States—Che, cocksure, tough, humanitarian, with the wreaths of cigar smoke from an Upmann billowing around his bereted head

The man with the *campesino* accent shook his head, I could see the same fogging of the eyes that Pepe had undergone when reciting the opening passages of *Moby Dick* Yes, an emotional people

"Mario was with Che's column," said the scar-faced man "He was a peasant in the Oriente When he was a boy cutting cane, there were 24 people living in the one house There was no hope in there with them. So he fought "

The line on the starboard outrigger popped free, and we leaped to our feet

"You take it," said the scar-faced man

I dropped the rod tip until I could feel tension on the line, then socked back once, twice, three times It was not a fish

Instead, as it came closer to the boat I could see that it was a piece of flotsam that looked like cloth It revealed itself finally as a Cuban flag, the staff broken at the butt, faded, oil-soaked I freed it from the hook and held it up into the wind "*Venceremos*"

The scarred man smiled at this playful usage of the revolutionary battle cry The *campesino*, however, was not amused.

Back at the Cojimar dock, an excited crowd had gathered to watch the final weigh-ins The bar and restaurant tables of La Terrasse were chockablock with grinning spectators, and a queue a block long shoved and pushed toward an outdoor beer stand Children and yapping dogs darted through the crowd, some of both breeds running precariously along the top of the seawall The dusty, mote-brightened air was filled with the smell of fish and *mariquitas* (thin-sliced dried banana chips) and *chatinos* (bananas cut half an inch thick, deep fried and served hot) Youngsters munched the latter the way American kids would wolf through a bag of potato chips

The manic rhythm of a steel drum chopped through the chatter A dark, thin old man, shirtless and wild-eyed, danced and spun as he pounded the drum This was, I learned, *El Indio Tatuado* (the Tattooed Indian), a character from nearby Guanahacoa who shows up every year to strut his stuff at the Hemingway. When he saw me looking at him, the Indian

continued

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Papa's Marlin

pushed through the crowd and grabbed my hand. Grinning toothlessly, his eyes wide with something beyond mirth, he rubbed my hand on his bald forehead and spoke in a language that was not Spanish. From head to toe his smooth, mahogany-dark skin was covered with art—cabalistic symbols, totemic designs, naked ladies, stars and moons and planets, serpents and full-rigged barkentines, wolves, bears, a dragon breathing fire, a heart pierced by an arrow. Then the pounding of the steel drum resumed, and he whirled off into the crowd, his picture gallery bulging and writhing to the play of his muscles under the hot sun.

As the four o'clock deadline for the end of the tournament approached, the fish rack slowly filled—small marlin, whites mainly, and a single sailfish along with a few dolphin. They turned slowly on their roped tails, heads down, flies crawling on their glazed, unlidded eyes. The skins, whose colors in life Hemingway had so often admired—the marlin's electric-lavender stripes against fiery silver, the golden gleam of the dolphin flashing like a rainbow in death, green, blue, red, then back to gold—had all faded to a uniform gray-black, without sheen, like so many hunks of worn-out truck tire.

There was no fish here to compare with Gonzalez Arazo's 248-pound blue marlin caught on the opening day, the day of storm and heavy seas. His team's 1,230 points held up against a last-minute, three-marlin onslaught by the Department of Tourism team, good for 1,040 points and second place. Pepe Milera looked up from his seat at the judge's table and watched the last fish of the day, a small white marlin of about 30 pounds, being hung on the crossbeam. "Robert," he said with a wink, "we are icing down the fresh baits."

On the morning of our departure, we drove out with Captain Gil to visit the Hemingway museum at San Francisco de Paula. The old *Carretera del Norte*, the coastal highway from Havana to San Francisco, is now potholed in places as badly as New York City's roadways. Big-shouldered Russian trucks and East German buses grumbled and ground their gears bumper to bumper. A choking miasma of diesel smoke dimmed the bright sunlight and stung the eyes—flashes of L.A. freeways during rush hour. Beside the road a heavyset woman with fire in her eyes stood glaring at the speeding traffic, clutching a squashed chicken in her left hand while she shook her other fist at the trucks.

The Museo Hemingway was temporarily closed for renovation, but the gate guard, an old man with steel-rimmed glasses and a potbelly pushing incongruously through the obligatory Castro-green fatigues, let us in anyway. Just beyond the gate, up on blocks, stood the *Pilar*. Her black hull looked faded and dead, like the hides of the dead marlin hanging from the crossbeam at Cojimar. The grounds were green and cool under the lush tropical plantings, and the potholed driveway wound uphill past flowering frangipani. Workmen plied their trowels over the broad front stairway, cementing cracks and sags. The huge ceiba tree at the right front corner facing the house, the tree under which Hemingway and Mary used to sing folksongs in many languages and drink the evenings away, had been heavily pruned, but the gnarled gray mass of its thick trunk was still impressive, like the glimpse of an old wounded elephant standing silent, waiting, in the thornbush.

Inside the front door the house opened out into enormous rooms, cool behind their thick stucco walls, the air faintly musty like the air of a mausoleum. But as one's eyes adjusted to the indoor dimness, the rooms gradually began to fill with remnants of a life. From the high-ceilinged walls stared the heads of big-game animals—two splendid oryxes, an enormous elk rack, a good kudu, the full-head mount of a fair-to-middling Cape buffalo plus the skulls and horns of two others that had to go over 50 inches in spread. A leopard skin lay draped over a couch. On the walls were 1930 bullfight posters from Spain. A 6.5-mm Mannlicher-Schoenauer rifle leaned in a corner, its full-fore-ended walnut stock gleaming cool and smooth in the dim light, the bluing worn from its well-oiled barrel and bolt. And books, books, everywhere books.

When the Hemingways left 17 years earlier, they did not know that they would never return together, not even as visitors. In donating the house and all its contents to the new Cuban government, Mary Hemingway left behind some 8,000 volumes—books Ernest had

continued

Who makes the best jogging shoe?

by Don Riggs

The distance-running coach at San Jose State University examines the new Puma 'Easy Rider.'

Distance-running coach Don Riggs.

A startling find.

I've tested every major brand of jogging shoe and I've come to a pretty startling discovery: *Puma is the only one that toes-off properly*—that bends the right way under the ball of your foot. Only one other brand comes even close.

Is this important? You'd better know it! Improper toe-off can lead to all kinds of foot and leg problems.

But don't take my word for the way Puma toes-off. You can test it for yourself. Grab hold of the new 'Easy Rider' and bend the sole (see photograph). The bend is exactly where the foot bends, at the head of the metatarsal, and it's rounded the way your foot is rounded.

Now try the same thing with other shoes. Some bend too sharply. Some bend in the wrong place altogether. I've even found shoes that bend right in the middle, which can tear the heck out of your metatarsal.

Puma is the only big-name shoe that toes-off properly, says Riggs.

A 1,000-mile sole?

The sole on the new 'Easy Rider' is going to make a few people sit up and take notice. Look closely and you'll see it's covered with rows of truncated cones—in *two different heights*.

The tall cones give you traction and help to cushion impact and insulate your foot from surface heat. The comfort is fantastic, but that's only half the story.

When you run, the tall cones are squashed down. This is when the short cones come into play.

They're placed where the greatest wear occurs in a shoe—at the heel. They act like firm little bumpers to keep the tall cones from mashing down and wearing out too fast.

Going by the three years of testing I've done—and this depends, of course, on weight, running surface, and how hard you run—don't be surprised if you rack up a thousand miles on this sole.

The 'Easy Rider' sole. Note the two different heights of the cones.

Beware of mushy counters.

Another way to spot a first-class jogging shoe is by checking the counter—which is what they call the part that surrounds your heel.

You take a poor shoe and push against the side or back of the counter with your thumb. You'll find it's soft and mushy. When it breaks down, your heel is going to start wobbling around in there, which can cause anything from shinsplints to knee problems. Avoid this kind of shoe like the plague.

Now try the same test with the 'Easy Rider.' The counter is strong, *firm* (like the photograph shows). It holds and protects the calcaneus (or heel bone) and its muscle group all the way down.

I like the way Puma pays careful attention to details like this.

The 'Easy Rider' stays firm when you push here. A poor shoe is soft and mushy.

Should you wear Puma?

Run your hand around the inside of an 'Easy Rider' and you won't find a rough edge anywhere.

Look at the nylon outside and you'll see why the rate of breakdown is so phenomenally low on Puma: all the stretch points are reinforced with leather.

That kind of careful thinking goes into all the other new Puma jogging-running shoes: the soft-leather 'Stud' with its ventilating holes . the less-expensive 'Rocket'... the 9191 'Pavement Jogger' with its traditional herringbone sole...and the 'Whirlwind,' built on the Puma spike last for cross-country competition and interval training.

I'll tell you the same thing I tell my athletes: A good shoe can make a difference in how you run. If you take pride in what you're doing, you've earned the right to wear Puma. You've earned your stripe.

The new Puma 'Easy Rider.'

PUMA

You've earned your stripe

Nikon wants you to see better

Nikon prism binoculars start with world-famous Nikon optics made from Nikon optical glass. Lenses and prisms for right and left barrels are precisely matched and collimated, and the optical parallelism of both barrels is verified.

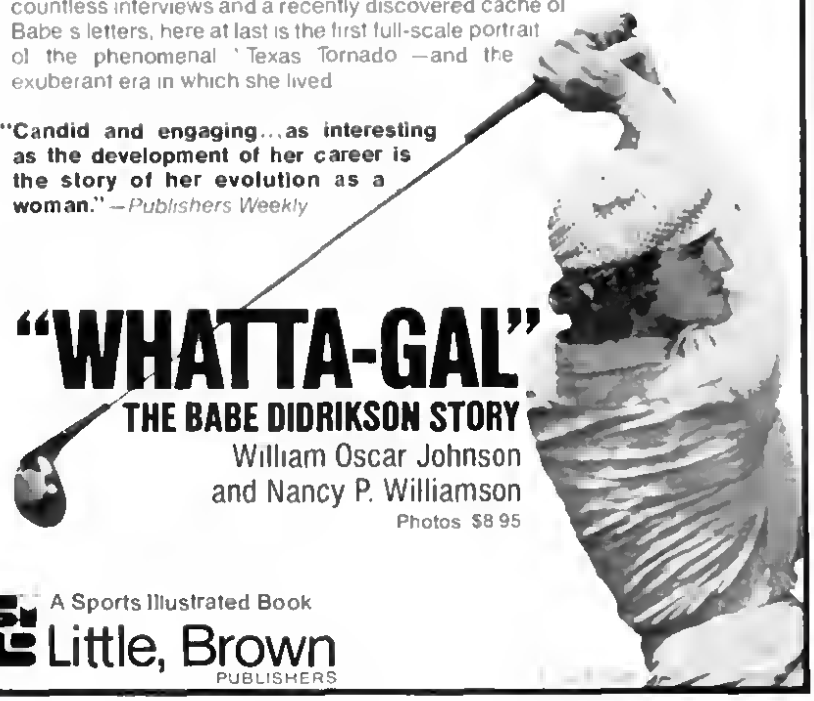
That's why with Nikon binoculars you enjoy brilliant, sharp, full field viewing without strain or fatigue, even for long stretches. Now find out how little more it costs to see better, longer. At Nikon camera dealers and selected optical departments. Write for literature: Fo Io 26. Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Nikon Binoculars

A one-woman book of records.

Babe Didrikson was the super-sportswoman of all time—as the statistics measuring her success prove. Based on countless interviews and a recently discovered cache of Babe's letters, here at last is the first full-scale portrait of the phenomenal "Texas Tornado"—and the exuberant era in which she lived.

"Candid and engaging...as interesting as the development of her career is the story of her evolution as a woman." —*Publishers Weekly*



"WHATTA-GAL"

THE BABE DIDRIKSON STORY

William Oscar Johnson
and Nancy P. Williamson

Photos $8.95

A Sports Illustrated Book

Little, Brown
PUBLISHERS

Papa's Marlin

continued

collected and read during his career, many of them autographed first editions. The titles reflected the broad range of his interests—from how-to-do-it volumes on cockfighting and winemaking to Ezra Pound's *Cantos*, from works by African explorers to Frans Bengtsson's excellent novel of Viking life, *The Long Ships*. Anyone with a feel for books and reading would not mind being imprisoned in this house. A five-year sentence would be about right.

In the office just off the main bedroom, under the frozen glare of a Cape buffalo, Hemingway's desk stands, replete with old photographs from World War II, newspaper clippings, the memorabilia and clutter of a working writer's sanctum. On a shelf just across from the desk, under a collection of knives, stand a few pairs of the great man's shoes. The shoes are enormous. You could fill one of the broad-toed Weejuns with a quart of Gordon's gin and still have room left for plenty of tonic. On other shelves elsewhere in the house lie a plethora of found objects—sea-fans faded from purple to pale pink, shells, rocks, bones, skulls.

The saddest memento, though, is the bar. On it stand bottles of gin, vodka, whisky, vermouth, Campari—all previously opened, their contents evaporated over the years since Hemingway's hasty departure, so that now all that remains is a thick, gluey sediment, a sludge of the firewater that was for so many years Hemingway's personal fuel.

So that is *Finca Vigia* (Lookout Farm), where Hemingway lived some of his happiest years. The master is still present, just as he was at the fishing tournament. His ghost stares down through the glass eyes of the trophies, radiates from the worn spines of the books, glints from the steel of the rifle barrel and the sharpened edges of the knives. Most of all it stands, big-footed and warmhearted, in the cool shadow of the giant ceiba tree.

Next year, we were told, the Hemingway Tournament will be international. Americans will be allowed to compete. Don't go if you're expecting big fish, or even a lot of fish. But if you love the Great Blue River and the smell of sea grapes on the offshore breeze and the dusty cool of small fishing ports, if you care to meet benign ghosts, then do it. It is, after all, the tournament of the man who taught us. **END**

Hi. We're the Loop. Yeah... the Loop. T-h-e L-o-o-p.

We're the Loop and we're a radio station. That's right... with gizzmos and gazzmos and lots of incredible equipment that cost us lots of fancy dollars.

But all we really are is a bunch of folks. Folks that stone love radio. Radio that makes you feel good. Radio that's personal. Close. And on a first name basis.

This is our first and only name. The Loop. That's it. Now right there, you know we're sayin' Chicago. After all, this is the place we all call home.

We've got a few good people that go out on the air for you live every day. People like Crazy Lester. Now you know you can talk to Lester any time you want. Just dial 591-7210 to request a tune or just plain chat with Les or any one of our other folks.

And while you're at it, you can get the Loop low-down on all the current stuff.

Listen in to the Loop for full details on the Loop "Cheap Date Series." Listen in for the finest, most attractive music. Listen in for the sheer joy of it. Listen in, 'cause we want you to come home... with us... to the Loop.

Plug in Chicago! It's the Loop live on FM 98!

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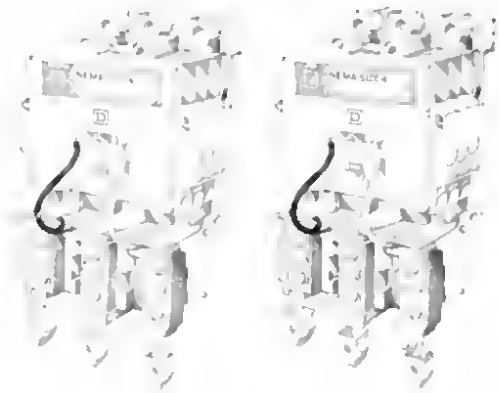
If Square D in Raleigh must get starters to Chicago...



If Chrysler Outboard in Hartford, Wis. must get motors to West Palm Beach...

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Now everything flies.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 18-24

BICYCLING—BERNARD THEVENET of France won his second Tour de France pedaling down the Champs Elysees in pouring rain to reach the finish of the 4,841-kilometer race just 48 seconds ahead of Holland's Hennie Kuiper. It was the second-closest finish in the event's 74-year history. Belgian Eddy Merckx, the aging five-time champion, placed sixth.

BOATING—The way the Observation Trials for the America's Cup defense were going, any of the three competitors could ultimately wind up as the defender. At week's end Ted Turner's *Courageous*, which dominated the June Preliminary Trials was 6–6 for July. Lowell North's *Enterprise* (7–3) suddenly was very much alive and so was Ted Hood's *Independence* (4–6), which took a pair of races from *Enterprise* one day and beat *Courageous* for the first time on another.

CANOEING—Britain's ALBERT KERR won the singles kayaking title at the world championship in Klagenfurt, Austria, but West Germany dominated the competition, taking five gold, five silver and two bronze medals.

GOLF—Twenty-three-year-old HOLLIS STACY shot a fourth round 74 to finish with a four-over-par 292 and win the women's U.S. Open by two strokes over Nancy Lopez at the Hazeltine National Golf Club in Chaska, Minn. First place was worth $11,000 *(page 45)*.

LEE TREVINO won his first tournament in 14 months, a comfortable four-stroke victory in the $225,000 Canadian Open at the Glen Abbey Golf Club in Oakville, Ontario. Trevino shot 67–68–71–74—280 and won $45,000. Peter Oosterhuis was second.

HARNESS RACING—A 6-year-old stallion DELFO ($22.60) became the first Italian-bred horse to win the International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway. Delfo led from start to *finish, beating Bellino II by 1½ lengths* and winning $100,000.

BIG TOWNER ($3.60), driven by John Chapman, won the $254,200 Gold Rush at Monticello Raceway by a neck over Mistletoe Shalee. The winner paced the mile in 1:58⅗.

HORSE RACING—GREAT CONTRACTOR ($19), carrying 112 pounds, beat three-time Horse of the Year Forego, carrying 137, by 11½ lengths in the $111,100 Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont Park. Angel Cordero Jr. rode Great Contractor, a 4-year-old son of Selari, who was clocked at 2:26⅘ for the 1¼ miles.

AFFIRMED ($2.80), Laffit Pincay in the saddle, [illegible] ished [illegible] eighths ahead of Hes [illegible] the $111,100 first division of the Hollywood Juvenile Championship at Hollywood Park. NOBLE BRUNZI (59-40), Sandy Hawley up, beat Little Reb by 2½ lengths to take the $105,150 second division of the test for 2-year-olds.

THE MINSTREL, winner of this year's English and Irish Derbies, added Britain's richest horse race, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, to his growing list of victories. Lester Piggott guided Europe's top 3-year-old to a photo-finish triumph over Orange Bay.

SOCCER—The Toronto Metros and the St. Louis Stars are fighting it out for first place in the Northern Division—and they are battling in other ways, too. With 2:17 remaining and the Metros leading 1–0 on a Drago Vabec penalty kick, a bench-emptying brawl broke out in Toronto's Varsity Stadium. The game was called and the Metros' 1–0 victory stands, pending a ruling from the NASL commissioner's office. After being shut out by Seattle's Tony Chursky 3–0, Rochester lost to Connecticut 2–0 to remain 14 points behind first-place Toronto in the only division without an above .500 club. Fort Lauderdale topped Las Vegas 2–1 and then squashed the Sounders 3–0 to open up a 21-point Eastern lead over the comatose Cosmos. The Strikers, who boast the best record (17–6) in the league, also feature the NASL's top rookie, 23-year-old George Nanchoff. Converted from defense to forward 6½ weeks ago, Nanchoff has eight goals and six assists in 10 games in his new position. Dallas' Kenny Cooper lowered his goals-against average to 0.84 with a 3–0 whitewashing of Vancouver, his second straight shutout and eighth of the season. Team Hawaii set a league record by taking 45 shots against Los Angeles and converted on six of them (to the Aztecs' five). Peter Nover, whom Hawaii briefly *put on waivers and then reclaimed, picked up his fourth* and fifth goals in the four games he has played since then.

TENNIS—Wimbledon rematches continued to enliven things in World Team Tennis. On Wednesday Cleveland beat Indiana 31–18 as Bjorn Borg scored a 7–5 win over Vitas Gerulaitis, his rival in that Greatest Match Ever Played. Three nights later the Loves dropped the Nets 28–20 as Gerulaitis came out on top 6–2, snapping Borg's winning streak at 11. Recalling their Wimbledon final, New York's Virginia Wade outplayed Sea Port's Betty Stove 6–2 as the Apples clobbered the Cascades 31–14. But New York (27–9) *couldn't overtake Boston (26–6) for first place* in the East because the Lobsters' ace doubles team, Mirjana [illegible] Navratilova [illegible] and Wade [illegible] Jean King, [illegible] a 28–5 [illegible] mix stroke [illegible] Boston [illegible] won all four of her matches to maintain her [illegible] leading winning percentage of .617. San Diego lost two superliebreakers to the lowly 19–37 Soviets, making the Friars a miserable 1–6 in superliebreakers.

TRACK & FIELD—There were two notable upsets at Britain's Amateur Athletic Association Championships in London's Crystal Palace. DAVID BLACK took the 5,000 meter in 13:13.20, defeating world record holder Dick Quax of New Zealand and Samson Kimombwa of Kenya. Yugoslavia's MILOVAN SAVIC overtook Julian Walker to win the 800 meters in 1:46.25. Britain's BRENDAN FOSTER won the 10,000 meters in unexpected. His time was 27:45.60, 15 seconds off Kimombwa's month-old record.

VOLLEYBALL—Denver's Larry Benecke set up IVY records *with 18 stuff blocks as the Comets* [illegible] past Santa Barbara 5–12, 8–12, 12–10, 12–4, 6–5. The Comets (12–5) then beat Orange County to run their home record to 9–0 and open up a 30-game lead in the East. Led by the hard hitting front line of Ed Skotek, Player-Coach Tom Read and John Zatec, El Paso/Juarez slipped by Orange County 10–12, 11–12, 12–10, 12–8, 6–3 and then beat the Spikers and the Phoenix Heat to reach the 500 mark. In the West, Santa Barbara topped Tucson 3–0 to gain undisputed first place.

MILEPOSTS—LOST: By Oakland Raider Defensive Back George Atkinson, a $2 million slander suit against Pittsburgh Steeler Coach Chuck Noll. Noll accused Atkinson of being part of the NFL's "criminal element" after the Raider back hit Steeler Receiver Lynn Swann from behind so hard that Swann suffered a concussion *(page 10)*.

DIED: GEORGE MORTON LEVY, 89, founder and president of New York's Roosevelt Raceway and pioneer in big city night harness racing. Levy, a criminal lawyer who once defended Lucky Luciano, opened Roosevelt under the lights in 1940 at a time when harness racing *was strictly a day-time—and rural—sport. He* introduced the mobile starting gate, eliminating false starts, and did away with time-consuming heats in ordinary races. Despite his advancing age, the dapper cigar-smoking Levy continued to run Roosevelt, and he was at the track Monday, watching the races, when he suffered a heart attack. He died in a hospital later that night.

CREDITS

4—Thomas Vanoli; [illegible] 6—Drawing by GW. 37—Map by Paul Mendoza. 38—Jerry Cabuck. 42—Lara Slewa. 45,46—Tony [illegible]. 50—John G. Zimmerman.

FACES IN THE CROWD

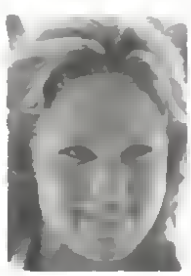
WENDY WHITE
ATLANTA

Wendy, 16, won the Southern girls' 18-and-under tennis championship. She is the first Georgian named to the U.S. Junior Wightman Cup team. A senior at Westminster School, Wendy also won Atlanta's city championship this year.

PETE SAXE
BATH, N.Y.

BOB SHAFFER
[illegible]

Saxe and Shaffer achieved a national junior college first by pitching back-to-back no-hitters in a doubleheader for Monroe Community College of Rochester, N.Y. In the first of two seven-inning games against Hilbert College, Saxe, a righthander, struck out 11 in a 7–0 victory. Shaffer, a lefthander, then struck out 16 in the second game, a 12–0 victory. Both pitchers finished the season with 4–0 records, Saxe's ERA was 1.19 and Shaffer's 1.86. Monroe ended the year at 23–4.



RONNY MEYER
NEW ORLEANS

DREW GUNNELS
ALBANY, GA.

Ronny, 14, took gold medals in both the three-meter and the combined five- and 7.5-meter events in the 13-14 category at the International Age Group Diving Championships in The Woodlands, Texas. Drew, who just turned 15, won gold medals in the one-meter and the three-meter events. She won the YMCA national one-meter title earlier this year. Eighty-eight divers from 13 countries competed in The Woodlands, with the U.S. taking 31 of a possible 48 golds.

JAMES EUBANK
LAS VEGAS

A senior at Clark High, James is the only runner in Nevada AAA high school history to win the cross-country 112.08 for 2½ miles, the mile (4.29) and two-mile (9.44) titles in the same season. James is a two-time All-America in cross-country.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROD CAREW

Sir

Bravo! As a longtime dedicated reader of SI, I wish to compliment you on the outstanding Rod Carew analysis by Ted Williams and John Underwood ("*I Hope Rod Carew Hits 400*," July 18). I also wish Carew good luck in his quest for a .400 season.

WILLIAM D. NEESKE
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir:

None of our sportswriters have enough guts to say it in this town, but Rod Carew is not an All-Star first baseman! He is a great hitter, but he is playing out of position. Rod is not a big enough target for his infielders to throw to. His shorter stretch gives runners almost a full step on close plays. On wide or high throws he can't keep his foot on base, and they go past him, giving the runner an extra base—or, if he gets the throw, the runner is safe because Carew had to leave the bag to make the play. You don't have to be left-handed to play first, but it helps. Rod throws right-handed. Of course, he never claimed to be a first baseman. The owner of the Twins can take the credit for that.

CARL MOEN
Fridley, Minn.

Sir

After reading everything I always wanted to know about chewing tobacco, the following week my efforts are concentrated on Rod Carew, baseball's best hitter. Rod has clouded one issue for me. How can he bat left-handed and chew tobacco in his right cheek, as pictured, and expect to hit .400?

MICHAEL BRUNO
San Diego

Sir

Ted Williams' analysis of Rod Carew was full of backhanded compliments and qualifications and loaded with egoisms in reference to Williams' own glorious career. The title should've read: "I hope Rod Carew hits .400 . . . but I hope the fans will never equate Carew's prowess with mine."

MARYBETH MATEOCK
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Sir

I think Rod Carew could hit .400 if he faced the Twins' pitching.

KENT ROBINSON
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

The day I received your copy of SI with Williams on your cover, Carl Yastrzemski passed him on the All-time Red Sox Hit List.

GLENN BRAVERMAN
Natick, Mass.

Sir

Rod Carew—the best hitter in baseball? Sure. It's hard to even get into a good discussion or argument on the matter. But the worst hitter in major league baseball? Ah, that would be a topic for scintillating debate in barrooms the baseball world over!

WILLIAM E. CARSLEY
Chicago

Sir

It was the best cover story I ever read in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

CHRIS BLANK
Garden City, N.Y.

Sir

I recall another article, actually a series of articles, written by Ted Williams on hitting, which appeared in your magazine approximately 10 years ago. I dug out my old clippings and found Part V of that series, entitled *The Science of Batting*, which I had cut out for reference to improve my batting when I was active in baseball. After reading the article again, I am convinced this is the best piece on hitting I have seen.

Of all the great athletes in sports over the years, no other had the ability not only to analyze his own great talent but, more important, to pass it on to us in such profound and understandable terms.

TED ROSE
Columbus, Ohio

Sir

Herman Weiskopf earns a big E for a mammoth effort (*Hitters Can Be Ranked*, July 18). However, all he proved is the old theory that you can do anything with figures. And that no matter what set of numbers are used, the same old name keeps emerging atop the heap—Ty Cobb, the greatest baseball player ever.

JIM DEMSKI
Williamsport, Pa.

Sir

Herm Weiskopf may fool some of the hitters some of the time, but he shouldn't attempt to fool their long-term fans. The main problem is comparing hitters playing in different eras. Weiskopf's "True Batting Average" fails precisely because it makes each hitter's apparent quality depend on the ineptitude of his contemporaries. Imagine two hitters, X and Y, of identical skill as hitters and facing pitching of equal stringency. In Year One X hits .300 and in Year Two Y also hits .300. But X's contemporaries produce a major league batting average of only .200 for Year One. According to Weiskopf's calculation, X's "true" average would turn out to be .3927. Batter Y plays with a better group of hitters in Year Two and the majors' average rises to .250. Because his colleagues are better than were X's, Y is to be assigned an average of only .3142. Only the quality of *other* hitters places X above Y. Yet X would finish above the illustrious Cobb in Weiskopf's ranking while Y would finish below poor DiMaggio. This difference would have nothing to do with their own relative skills as hitters.

With statistical wizardry of this sort, Harvard should overwhelm Michigan, Bobick should murder Ali and the Yankees should invariably beat Boston.

DOUGLAS RAE
New Haven, Conn.

BRITISH OPEN

Sir

Regarding your article on the British Open (*A Braw Brawl for Tom and Jack*, July 18)—reports of the decline of Jack Nicklaus are greatly exaggerated.

J. M. MARTIN
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

The controversy that always arises over who should be named Sportsman of the Year is already settled. Tom Watson.

CHARLIE WURST
Lincolnton, Ga.

Sir

Dan Jenkins aptly termed the final rounds of Tom Watson and Jack Nicklaus in the 1977 British Open "the best two rounds of golf ever played."

JAMES P. OSICK
Midland, Mich.

Sir

Dan Jenkins should be shot. He has no right to say Watson, who won his third major tournament to Nicklaus' 16, is No. 1.

JON DALTON
South Orange, N.J.

Sir

Jack Nicklaus is the greatest athlete in the world today.

AL SEARS
Denver

GRIZZLY

Sir

Thank you for *The Grizzly's Rage to Live* (July 18). It was a classic.

PIERO DICLEMENTE
Ridgefield Park, N.J.

Sir

Douglas Chadwick's article poignantly illustrated man's war on nature. He expressed many of the ideals I have held about nature and man's senseless attempts to subdue and control it. I swelled with emotion as "Mr. Geefer Goddam Griz" defied mechanized

technological weaponry, using instinct and natural talents to win small battles. It was like a pleasant fairy tale. But, as the conclusion shows, these battles had little effect on the outcome. I am sorry Mr. Chadwick had to include the epilogue.

NEALE X. TRANGUCH
Hazleton, Pa.

Sir:

Your fine story brought me to tears. The grocery store owner from McConnellsburg, Pa. who shot the grizzly with his .357 magnum is not a sports hero. Aaron, Walton and Ali are sports heroes.

JIM ADAMS
Athens, Ga.

PROS ON VACATION

Sir:

If I read one more generalization about Texas, I think I'll rip up the magazine with my bare hands. I refer to Robert Jones' cliché-laden remarks about John Fitzgerald in the article concerning off-season occupations of pro football players (*My Vacation Was Nifty*, July 11). It reminds me of the baseball announcer who stated, "It's a typical Texas night—warm and a little humid." In this huge state there is no typical anything.

Incidentally, since when is a Massachusetts accent a "twang"?

JO ANN THABET
San Antonio

Sir:

It takes two to *pas de deux* you neglected to mention the name of the lovely dancer posing with Brad Cusino at Anneliese von Oettingen's summer ballet camp. She looks like someone we should know about, too.

SHERRI LEE KATZ
Cincinnati

• Sara Newton is a student at the Anneliese von Oettingen School of Ballet.—ED

ODD OARS

Sir:

I was admiring your photo of the Washington crew winning at Henley (*A Foreign Affair Ends a Domestic Dispute*, July 11) when I suddenly realized something was wrong. Stroke, 7, 6 and 5 are O.K. but 4 and 2 appear to be rowing on starboard while 3 and bow are obviously rowing port!

Is this trick photography, or did Erickson switch the outriggers?

When I rowed at Cal (1934-37) I learned that the even numbers always rowed port, the odd numbers starboard. Have I been away too long?

W. W. STEVENS JR.
Orinda, Calif.

• Coach Dick Erickson uses many different outrigger arrangements.—ED

WRITE ON

Sir:

How did Kenny Moore do in the Peachtree Road Race (*Almost Too Warm for the*

continued

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Swarm, July 18)? Was he too modest to list his time or embarrassed by a poor showing?

GRETA CARLSON
St. Anthony, Minn.

• Moore *is* modest—but he finished 16th in 31:23.—ED

Sir:

Kenny Moore is a great runner, but he is even greater as a writer. After reading his articles in SI, I think his piece on Lasse Viren (*An Enigma Wrapped in Glory*, June 27) is the best of them all. Kenny's delicate words on Finnish people and countryside made my eyes wet. It is remarkable how he has been able to grasp the essence of this beautiful country in such a short time. Kenny has done a better job with his story than any Finnish writer ever did. For a Finn, everything in SI does not look like what we mean by sport, but this was magnificent. Maybe we'll see another one like this after Moscow?

MATTI HANNUS
Oulu, Finland

THE MOVIES

Sir:

I'm afraid that Frank Deford's generally perceptive review of *One on One* (MOVIES, July 11) only begins to scratch the surface of what is wrong with that movie. Beyond the clichés common to a type of sports fiction that I felt I had outgrown in junior high school, there is dishonesty of approach in a movie that pretends to be an exposé of the abuses of college athletics but is really anti-sport. The few favorable references to sports are to an ideal of learning "control over one's body," as if teamwork and cooperation were outmoded concepts in modern society. And the concluding scene, in which Henry has renounced big-time athletics in favor of a pick-up game with his girl friend and some neighborhood youngsters, suggests that even the development and fulfillment of a great individual talent is a worthless goal.

Beyond this, the love story that Mr. Deford finds so touching is based on a vapid anti-intellectual romanticism. Does love really conquer all, as the song suggests? The film appeals to the immature mind.

STUART LEWIS
Prairie Village, Kans.

Sir:

Frank Deford flatly denies that such coaches as portrayed in the movie exist and calls the recruiting practices portrayed "overblown fiction." All that was shown in the movie plus much, much more is being done to college athletes today.

B. L. SIDERS
Columbus, Ohio

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